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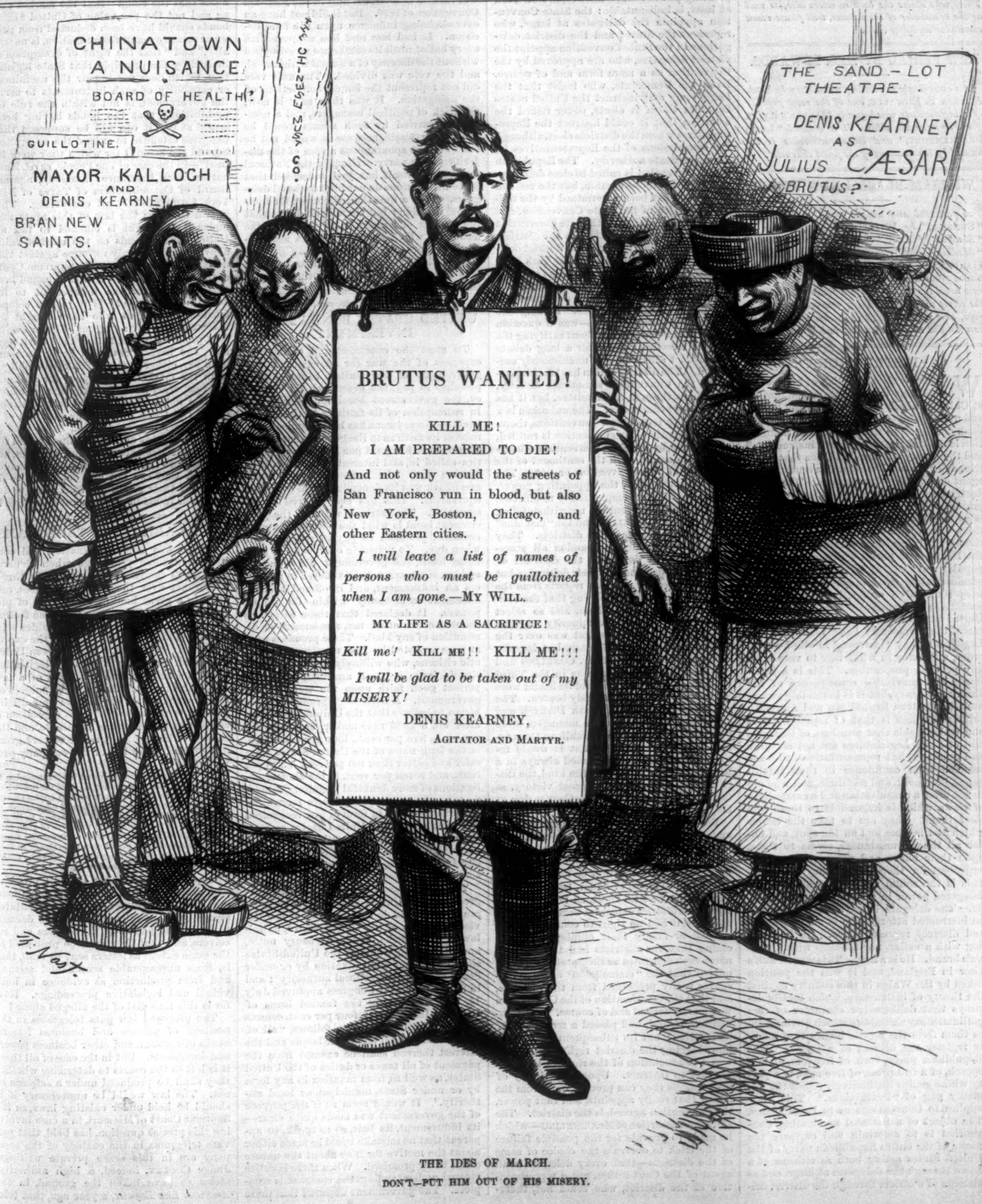


THE IDES OF MARCH.

DON'T—PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive the 19th issue of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *containing the opening chapter of a new and very interesting serial story, entitled* "ACROSS THE OCEAN; OR, A BOY'S FIRST VOYAGE." *It will be profusely and graphically illustrated.*

Number 20 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *completes the 13 numbers of that paper sent to subscribers to* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for the present year. If any of our little readers wish to complete the volume, which ends with the number published October 26, 1880, they can do so by sending to the publishers one dollar, for which sum the remaining 32 numbers will be sent, postage free, to any address in the United States and Canada. Those who desire the back numbers also, as well as the remainder of the volume, will please remit one dollar and fifty cents.*

NEW SERIAL BY MRS. EDWARDS.

An exceedingly interesting serial story by MRS. AMELIA B. EDWARDS, *one of the most popular of living novelists, was begun in* HARPER'S BAZAR *for February 28, 1880. It is entitled* "LORD BRACKENBURY," *and its attractiveness is enhanced by illustrations of the finest character.*

WILLIAM BLACK'S NEW STORY.

A powerful and unique serial story, entitled "SUNRISE," *by* WILLIAM BLACK, *author of* "*Macleod of Dare,*" "*A Princess of Thule,*" "*Madcap Violet,*" *etc., will be commenced in* HARPER'S BAZAR *for March 27, and will be continued from week to week until the end. In this new novel the author essays a fresh field, namely, the secret societies which are now convulsing Europe, and whose story, told by his brilliant pen, can not fail to arouse a lively public interest.*

"INSTRUCTIONS."

WE assume that the wish of honest Republicans is to secure a nomination at Chicago which will command the hearty and united support of all who desire Republican success. In the light of that assumption let us test the practice of "instruction," and the theory advanced at Utica that a district delegate to a National Convention is an agent of the State Convention. The whole doctrine of instruction is subversive of the principle of a representative republic. It is applied both to Legislatures and Conventions, but in both cases it is radically objectionable. It has been especially asserted by the Democratic party, which has degraded popular government by insisting that its administrators are lackeys and footmen to obey somebody's orders, instead of representatives and trustees. As Senators of the United States are elected by State Legislatures, the Democrats have held that the Legislature may "instruct," in other words, order, a Senator in what way to vote upon any pending proposition. This is a legitimate and inevitable consequence of the theory of agency, but it is invincibly repugnant to the true Republican and American principle, which is that of representation, and which holds that members of Congress and of State Legislatures are not servants and dummies, but representatives, who are selected from confidence in their intelligence, judgment, and rectitude, and who are to act after a consultation and a comparison of views which is impossible to those who elect them. They are to take the course which at the time and on the spot, and under all the circumstances, seems to them, upon their honor and responsibility, most expedient for those whom they represent. This is the sound and reasonable view of delegated power in a representative republic. The delegate is *not* a mere agent nor an instructed attorney, he is an intelligent and discreet representative. He is not a dog with a collar, nor a sheep with a master's brand. He is a man. This was BURKE'S view in England, and it was the position taken by the Whigs in this country against the theory of instruction, which totally destroys that deliberative character of free parliamentary assemblies which distinguishes them from the servile bodies that merely register the decrees of a master. The Republican party, born of freedom, of free speech, of a free press, of free men, is a party whose genius instinctively repels the unmanly gag of "instructions." This view applies to Conventions as to Legislatures. The object of a national nominating Convention is to ascertain and compare the views of the entire Republican party of the United States acting both as citizens of a State through the delegates at large, and as citizens of districts through the district delegates. It contemplates a full and free personal conference and consultation of representatives, whose final action shall be decided by their best judgment after such consultation, and not by a previous local order which may be of the most selfish and arbitrary kind. If such a Convention is not to deliberate, but is to be merely a crowd of proxies to record a decision already taken, it is a useless and absurd assembly.

If this view of the real purpose of a nominating Convention be correct, "instructions" and "unit rules" are a gross abuse of the majority principle, and a disastrous wrong to the party. But the outrage of instructions from a State Convention becomes more evident when the method of selecting delegates is considered. The stoutest defender of the system will agree that instructions can proceed properly only from the appointing power. In the case of delegates to a National Convention, then, what is the appointing power? The answer, in New York at least, is indisputable: the State Convention appoints the delegates at large, who represent the State; and the district delegations in the State Convention appoint the district delegates, who are approved by the Convention as a mere form and of course. Even the Democrats, who insist that the Legislature may instruct the United States Senators whom it elects, never risked the assertion that it could instruct the Representatives whom the districts elect, although the commissions of the Representatives issue under State authority. The Republican State Convention is called to elect delegates to the National Convention, but the method of election has been determined by the uniform practice of the State Convention, and that practice, including the late Convention at Utica, has been to recognize the districts as the appointing power of the district delegates. The Republicans of New York have held seven Conventions to appoint national delegates. In every one of them the district national delegates have been designated by the district State delegates. In only one Convention—that of 1860—was a question raised in the Convention about ratifying the district selection; and after a long debate the district selection was unanimously sustained. The district action has been reported to the Convention sometimes directly, sometimes through a committee, but it has been always conclusive. The unbroken law of New York Republican Conventions, therefore, is that the district selection is ratified, as of course, by the State Convention, whether it be in accord with the sentiment of the majority of the Convention or not. The district is, therefore, the appointing power. This principle was emphatically re-affirmed by the Utica Convention, notwithstanding the trick of Mr. CONKLING and the "machine" to defeat the choice of the districts. They did not dare boldly to abandon all precedent by openly depriving the districts of the right of designating their delegates, but they arranged for minority reports from the anti-machine districts, hoping that the Convention would adopt them, and so select from these districts the minority machine delegates. The first contest was over the First District. It was sharp, but happily it was decisive against Mr. CONKLING and the machine. The next was in the Third District, and the machine and its leader were ludicrously and ignominiously beaten. The next was in the Fourteenth District, and again the machine and its managers were "smashed." Thus the Republican Convention decisively resolved that it would respect what has been respected always in a Republican Convention of the kind, the district decision. It was a great victory, so far, for the friends of a free Convention at Chicago.

But the resolution of "instruction" remained. That resolution, however, was merely an attempt to bind the district delegates by a false sense of honor, and to do indirectly what could not be done directly. We say false sense of honor, because if the Convention had no right, as it decided, to reject the district delegates because of their opinions, it had no right to compel them to conceal or falsify their opinions. By deciding that the districts had the right to name such delegates as they preferred, it admitted that the "commission" of those delegates really proceeded from the districts, and that the confirmation of the Convention was merely formal and of course. The Convention, indeed, had passed a resolution of instruction; but its subsequent action, acknowledging the district right to appoint, was a renunciation of the right of the Convention to instruct. Upon any theory of instructions they can proceed only from the power that really appoints, and that power, the Convention agreed, is the district. The audacious assertion of Mr. CONKLING—which he made to provide for the possible failure of the trick to overrule the choice of some of the districts—that every delegate is an agent of the Convention, not a representative of the district, who could not, therefore, honorably disregard the word "instructed," was immediately rejected by the action of the Convention itself. Mr. CONKLING'S vote to annul the choice of the districts showed both his unwillingness that the voice of the districts which differed from him should be heard at Chicago, and his doubt whether district delegates would acknowledge the obligation of the Convention's instruction. The talk about "frittering away" the weight of New York is foolish. The thing not to be "frittered away" is Republican success, and that depends not upon a packed nomination, but upon a free and independent Convention, in which every opinion shall be heard, and every section of the party shall be won to support the final action by the consciousness that it has had a perfectly fair chance, and that the result has been honestly reached, and not ground out by a machine. Mr. CONKLING has perhaps forgotten that the vote of New York was thrown as a virtual unit in the National Convention of 1876. But it did not have an overwhelming influence upon the final decision. It had less and less support with every ballot until its candidate was dropped without the decency of a formal withdrawal, and the vote was divided. The unit vote did not represent the honest convictions of the delegation. It was then, as it is now, the trick of political managers, and a nomination carried by such means would be most unfortunate, because it would not be felt to be the spontaneous action of the majority of the party. Happily the National Convention itself has justly decided that State instructions do not bind national delegates. It is a question, of course, for individual decision; but there is no doubt that the system of "instruction" is one of the means by which machine politics are subverting representative republican government, and the place to make a stand against it is at every stage from the primary up to the National Convention.

UNITED STATES BONDS AS AN INVESTMENT.

To meet the enormous and exhaustive expenses of the war for its existence, the government of the United States issued promises to pay, the greenback for currency, the government bond for investment. In redemption of its faith as to the greenback, specie payment has been resumed. To redeem its faith as to the government bonds, government has paid par for all its securities called in, and interest upon them as it became due. The intrinsic value of the greenback was its denominational gold face equivalent. This has been proved by resumption. The intrinsic value of the government bond is what the obligor, the government, promises to pay in redeeming it when due. To persuade everybody to seek these loans, the government did what all seekers of a market do—it offered to all takers an inducement, and it offered this inducement confessedly within its proper powers. It declared that these securities should be free of all tax, assessment, or diminution of any kind. These promises were at once accepted by vast numbers of patriotic citizens, who willingly took the securities, in large or small amounts, relying in perfect good faith upon the word of the government. A little later prudent people began to believe that the United States was, after all, a good note-maker, and that six per cent., five per cent., four per cent., free, in the long notes of the United States, were safer and better than ten per cent., eight per cent., and seven per cent. in the shorter obligations of more doubtful promisers, subject to tax. States, too, and courts recognized the principle, and in form of law recognized the securities of the United States as first-class and preferred securities among the investments from which executors, administrators, trustees, and guardians should be compelled to select.

The provisions of law, so far as the Congress of the United States is concerned, are to be found in Section 3701 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, as follows, "All stocks, bonds, Treasury notes, and other obligations of the United States shall be exempt from taxation by or under State, or municipal, or local authority"; and in Section 1, act of Congress approved July 14, 1870, authorizing the funded loans of 1881 and 1891 and the four per cent. consols of 1907, which provides as follows, "all of which said several classes of bonds and the interest thereon shall be exempt from the payment of all taxes or duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority." It would seem as if the purpose of the government was made quite clear—its inducement, its bait, so to speak, so apparent that no mistake could be made either about the motive for it or about the nature of the thing promised. When there is entire mutual understanding, the contract is complete. The government declared that these bonds should be wholly free from tax forever; and private investors as well as savings-banks and trust companies took the government at its word, and State Legislatures and courts of law held that guardians and executors, administrators and trustees, might invest in them. With the close of the war, and with returning prosperity, there arose a great and increasing demand for long and safe securities, and United States bonds, which sometimes lagged below par, found a ready sale above it, and from time to time, as demand varied, there was more or less fluctuation in prices.

No question, however, was raised for many years after the war about taxing these securities; but now that all danger is past, and they are popular, and taken and sought at a premium, it is claimed that the market value of all United States stocks, above their par value, is subject to taxation. The Court of Appeals of New York holds that the claim "that the market value and not the par value of United States bonds should have been deducted from personal estate exempt from taxation, is untenable," and "that the right of exemption is limited by the principle that State legislation, which does not impair the usefulness or capability of such instruments to serve the government, is not within the rule of prohibition; that the bonds having been issued at par, it can not be supposed that Congress intended to extend the exemption beyond the amount for which they were issued"—in the case of The People, *ex rel.* Manhattan Fire Insurance Company, against Board of Commissioners of Taxes of New York, CHURCH, C. J., all concurring. This is laid down as the law of this State, and under it the right is claimed to tax all United States bonds on the market value above par. The only recourse against this decision is an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. If this be sound law, what becomes of the inducement to invest in such bonds? Is it just to compel trustees and others who have bought for investment to pay a tax, out of other assets, on a premium, when, if they hold until payable, the investments will bring no more than par, either at the hands of the obligor or in the market, thus paying for a casual and temporary advance in the market which they do not realize? What law or principle of right will warrant the taxation of a market premium *on a United States bond in holding?* If this decision be finally held for law, ought not executors and trustees, administrators and guardians, to consider whether they can not and ought not to do better by their *cestuis que trust* than to invest their funds in government securities?

INVIOLABILITY OF TELEGRAMS.

THERE was great indignation and consternation some years ago when General BUTLER, as chairman of a committee, threw a drag-net over the telegraph offices, and drew in a great haul of every kind of private message. There was the same feeling which would have attended the sudden seizure of a mail by a committee, and the exposure of private letters. The Western Union Telegraph Company is seeking legislation upon the subject, and the draft of a law which the company favors is the subject of recent comment in the *Tribune* by a distinguished Western lawyer. His exposition is as clear as his temper is admirable, and the subject of his comment is one of very great importance. The bill of the company provides that

"all telegraph messages delivered for transmission to any telegraph company availing itself of the provisions of Title 65 of the Revised Statutes, and copies thereof made by such company at the place of destination, or at any intermediate point, shall be deemed to be private papers of the senders and receivers of such messages, and shall be protected from unreasonable search and seizure, and from production as evidence in individual and legislative proceedings, to the same extent as letters sent by the United States mail."

The question is whether the bill provides such a remedy as to demand its enactment into law. It declares, as the commentator points out, that telegrams shall be deemed to be private papers of the senders and receivers, and that they shall be protected to the same extent as letters sent by mail, that is, from unreasonable search and seizure, and from production as evidence in individual and legislative proceedings. How far is this remedial of the alleged abuse?

The proposed law puts telegrams in the position of private and business letters, books of account, and other business papers and documents. But in the case of all these it is left to the courts to determine whether they shall be produced under a *subpœna* or not. The law would be unnecessary if it should be held under existing laws, as the Supreme Court of Missouri, in a case involving this precise question, has held, that private telegrams in the custody of the company are in this sense private writings. Judge COOLEY, indeed, a high authority, seems to have taken the ground, in the *American Law Register*, a year ago, that tele-

grams are privileged communications, and not amenable under any circumstances to the process of the courts. But the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has rejected this view, which would substantially declare that a communication which if sent by mail would be subject to compulsory process, would be absolutely exempt if sent by telegraph. This view, however, is not adopted in the bill.

What, then, is the exact scope of the protection proposed? It would protect telegrams like letters. But this protection exists only while letters are in the mail. After they are delivered, their production may be legally compelled, unless they are "privileged," like letters between husband and wife, or between attorney and client. The proposed law can hardly seek protection during the interval of transmission, as in the mails, because telegraphic transmission is instantaneous; nor does it probably intend to protect telegrams while in possession of the company as letters are protected while in the mails, because that would privilege them against any compulsory production. Such compulsion is a legal power which the common interest can not totally renounce, although it should very carefully guard. The abuse aimed at should undoubtedly be prevented, but, in correcting it, powers essential to the welfare of society must not be swept away. It can not be urged that the wanton disclosure of telegrams can not be prevented except by making all telegrams absolutely privileged. The critic of the proposed law suggests that the object sought could be gained more certainly by providing that telegrams shall be private papers, producible only upon affidavit of their existence with a sufficiently certain description, and the alleged contents of the telegrams showing their relevancy to the cause, satisfying the court that there is probable cause for their production, and giving reasonable notice to the sender or receiver of the telegram, with reasonable opportunity to show cause against its production. There should be also a criminal penalty for false affidavit, and right of action for damages against willfully or maliciously procuring the unnecessary disclosure of telegrams. Some simple provisions of this kind would secure the proper inviolability of telegraphic communication, without depriving the public of a just legal supervision of all but wisely privileged private documents. The legal correspondent of the *Tribune* shows conclusively the inadequacy and obscurity of the proposed bill.

MR. BAYARD'S SPEECH OF 1861.

A SPEECH of Mr. BAYARD's at the beginning of the rebellion has just been published, and, as is said, at the instigation of Mr. TILDEN or of his friends. But as most things which bear upon the Democratic canvass are attributed to the agency of Mr. TILDEN, this particular story may be believed or not without affecting the fact that the publication is an important political event. Mr. BAYARD's faithful friend, the New York *World*, takes the bull by the horns. It declares that the Democratic party can not evade its own record, and that Mr. BAYARD's speech is a sound statement of the Democratic attitude during the war. The *World* maintains that although Mr. BAYARD advocated acquiescence in secession as an accomplished fact, he did not defend the principle, and that in doing this he really did no more than Mr. GREELEY. Moreover, the *World* holds that Mr. BAYARD's position in 1861 will not harm him in 1880, if Mr. TILDEN's position at the same time did not prevent, as the *World* believes, his election in 1876.

If the speech has been published to help Mr. TILDEN's chances, it is curious that the instigator should not have seen that it would inevitably provoke the retaliation of a plain exposure of Mr. TILDEN's war record. This was made during the canvass of 1876, and it is familiar to every one who remembers the days of the war. However much of a secessionist Mr. BAYARD may have been, Mr. TILDEN was a chief Copperhead. If the honors of a Democratic nomination are to be awarded to a Democrat who in every way chilled and embarrassed and denounced a vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union, and fed the flame of hope in the breast of rebellion, no one more richly merits them than Mr. TILDEN. He or his friends have chosen, by republishing this speech, to arouse the old war feeling, and to appeal to the memories of the war days. Did they really suppose that Mr. TILDEN's chances would be improved by such an appeal?

However deep Mr. BAYARD may be in the mud, Mr. TILDEN is still deeper in the mire. He not only denounced the formation of the Republican party as a blunder or a crime, he was not only a member of the Tweddle Hall Convention which denied the right of the government to "coerce" a State, he not only declared with the rest of his party that the war was a failure, but he was one of the founders of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Information, which was a "literary bureau" to provide for the poisoning of the public mind during the war by every form of opposition to the government, and of apology for slavery and rebellion. What word or deed of Mr. TILDEN during the war friendly to liberty or to the struggle for the Union can be now recalled? If it had fallen to him to save the Union, he would have bought its salvation by still more abject submission to the slave power, or he would have suffered it to be destroyed. It is a ludicrous stroke of policy upon the part of Mr. TILDEN's friends to challenge an inspection of his "war record."

COFFEE-HOUSES *V.* "GIN-MILLS."

THE New-York Coffee-house Company proposes to meet the "gin-mills" on their own ground. The gentlemen concerned are practical business men, the directors being MORRIS K. JESUP, HENRY E. PELLEW, CORNELIUS R. AGNEW, CHARLES COLLINS, WILLIAM E. DODGE, Jun., JOS. W. DREXEL, JOHN A. STEWART, WILLIAM H. APPLETON, and they mean to provide pleasant refreshment-rooms, with recreation in the form of simple games, with newspapers, magazines, etc., cheerful and attractive resorts, to compete with the "saloons" and barrooms which now, with warmth and light and cheer, attract those whose homes are not enticing, and plant in every community the seeds of drunkenness and crime.

This project is not one of mere charity or benevolence, although it has its spring in human sympathy. The proposed coffee-houses are to be conducted upon commercial principles, and the company hopes to pay a fair dividend to the shareholders. There is such a company in Liverpool, which has had gratifying success, and similar movements have begun in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and elsewhere. The plan contemplates a capital of $50,000 in 2000 shares of $25 each, and the United States Trust Company are the company's bankers, to whom payment for shares will be made.

This method of dealing with the curse of drunkenness has been long felt by the wisest thinkers upon the subject to be the wisest plan. The passion for ardent spirits is in most cases the result of circumstances. It is not an original appetite, although in some instances it is unhappily inherited; and if an innocent bar-room can be made as bright and attractive as that which now tempts the unwary and ignorant youth who, after the day's work, naturally look for society and pleasure, the gain will be immense. We once heard a Democratic legislator define a "gin-mill" as the poor man's club. But there is no reason that the poor man's club should be a place which steals the bread of his family and his own self-respect. The poor man's club need not be a school of crime and criminals. The poor man's club need not knock him into a brute. This is the conviction of the public-spirited gentlemen who propose the Coffee-house Company, and who appeal to the good sense of the community to sustain their humane enterprise.

GLIMPSES OF SEWARD AND SUMNER.

WE have already alluded to the pleasant "Reminiscences of a Journalist" which Mr. C. T. CONGDON is publishing in the *Tribune*. In a late number he gives some very interesting recollections of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. SUMNER. Here is a vivid glimpse of Mr. SEWARD:

"It was upon a dreary day in December, 1855, that my friend Colonel EZRA LINCOLN said to me, in Boston, 'Mr. SEWARD is at the Tremont House—let us go up and see him.' Mr. SEWARD was on his way to Plymouth, where, upon the coming Forefathers'-day, he was to deliver the oration. I was only too happy to accept the invitation. I would say nothing more of the interview if I did not think that all the circumstances afforded some illustrations of the character and career of Mr. SEWARD. We found the Senator and statesman solitary and alone, sitting by the fire in the gentlemen's parlor, reading a book which was just published, and which proved to be LEWES's *Life of Goethe*. He made some critical remarks upon the work, and said that he had gone down that morning to Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS to procure it. With some lingering literary tastes which many years of hard, practical work and inadequate cultivation had failed entirely to extinguish, I warmed at once to a member of Congress who cared for GOETHE, and could find consolation in reading him at a tavern fire on a foggy December morning. I thought then that Mr. SEWARD seemed to be a little hurt that nobody had before called upon him; for his arrival had been announced in the morning newspapers. He said, 'I have seen nothing of ——, nor of ——, nor of ——,' and then shutting his book with a mild emphasis, he asked when the next train started for Plymouth, where his oration was the day following to be delivered. I am in doubt whether he said, in so many words, that he was anxious to be away, but I caught his feeling from every look and gesture."

Mr. CONGDON explains the absence of the visitors whom Mr. SEWARD expected, by the remark that "he was emphatically a man of conscience, and conscience just then was working hard to hold its own in the vicinity of the Tremont House."

It was the time when the old Whig and Democratic parties were "sloughing off" the convictions and the purposes and character which made the Republican party. Upon this point Mr. CONGDON says of Mr. SUMNER, who was one of the "Conscience Whigs":

"There never was a man upon whom the harness of party sat so loosely. He began by bolting; he went on bolting; as a bolter he ended. The Republicans of Massachusetts, who would never have been a party at all if he and a few other men had not dared to act and speak for themselves, are now a little shocked when any of their great associates show signs of restive disloyalty; but they found long before he died that Mr. SUMNER was not to be managed, nor coaxed, nor driven, into saying or doing anything which his unimpaired conscience did not approve.... If I have dwelt too long upon the character and conduct of this great man, it has been because, of all the public persons whom it has been my good or ill fortune to know, he seems to me, after the lapse of all these years, one of the brightest and purest. Scholar, orator, philanthropist, reformer, jurist, lawyer, and law-maker, he was never a mere politician, for which let us thank God and take courage!"

It is always well to remember that it is brave men—men who have the courage of their convictions, not trimmers and cowards and time-servers—who make parties. It was only a few weeks before Mr. CONGDON saw Mr. SEWARD in Boston that Mr. SEWARD in Albany had left the Whig and declared his adhesion to the new Republican party. "I do not know," he said, at the end of that memorable speech, "that it will always, or even long, preserve its courage, its moderation, and its consistency. If it shall do so, it will rescue and save the country.... So long as the Republican party shall be firm and faithful to the Constitution, the Union, and the rights of man, I shall serve it with the reservation of that personal independence which is my birthright, but at the same time with the zeal and devotion that patriotism allows and enjoins." This was the spirit of conviction and independence which made the Republican party, and which alone will preserve it.

A DROLL DILEMMA.

IF a man's actual existence should not be accepted as evidence of his having been born, it would be very difficult for him to prove it otherwise. But in Germany, if an American could not establish his birth in some other way than by his existence, he would be in a very absurd or even in a very pitiful situation. The American infant usually announces his own birth in an unmistakable manner. But still Austria is not satisfied without an official certificate of the self-evident fact. An American gentleman and his wife, living in Vienna with their young family, were compelled to send home for certificates of the birth of their children, that they might be admitted to school.

An American mother in Leipsic, whose daughter was about to be married in that city, learned to her amazement that the government would not permit the marriage to take place until the mother could prove by a properly attested certificate that her daughter had been born. Nor was this all. Her only son and support, a youth of twenty, was ordered into the army, and he pleaded in vain that he was an American citizen, born in New York. The authorities demanded the birth record, and the despairing mother wrote to New York, and a certificate was sent to her. But another American mother in an Austrian village could not procure documentary evidence that her daughter had been legally born, and the girl was refused admittance to the school.

It is estimated that there are a hundred such cases every year. They occur chiefly, of course, among families of German descent, and they make the Bureau of Vital Statistics a very important office for that class of American citizens. The German laws upon the subject are very stringent, and they are essential to a perfect census. Our own system has been less exact, but we see with pleasure that Mr. FISKE, of Richmond County, has introduced a bill in the New York Legislature, which has been favorably reported, which provides that a registry of marriages, births, and deaths shall be made at the clerk's office in every town and village, the expense to be a county charge. Under such a law, it will be every American's fault, wherever he may be, if he can not prove by the most satisfactory evidence that he was born.

PERSONAL.

IF President HAYES is not careful, he will begin to be known as a humorist. The Rev. Dr. PORTER, of Charleston, South Carolina, who was lately in Washington asking for the use of the abandoned United States Arsenal in that city for his school for white and colored boys, said that he had called on Mrs. HAYES, who expressed great interest in the school. The reply was, "Dr. PORTER, I don't know how much influence Mrs. HAYES may have with Congress, but I assure you she has great influence with the President."

—The Empress of Austria is noted for her liking for out-door exercise, especially on horseback, being a dashing horsewoman. She is perhaps better known for linguistic accomplishments, speaking fluently most of the languages of modern Europe, and being also a good musician. She is fond of literature, and among her attendants has readers in various languages, to whom she enjoys listening. She is not very popular, it is said, among the ladies of the court circle, since she has no taste for small chatter and fashionable amusements. She amuses herself with her drawing, embroidery, riding, and last, but not least, in playing with her little daughter VALERIE, for whom she has an almost idolatrous affection.

—It will be curious to see how Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will be received when he reaches London as Minister—by Lord HARTINGTON, for instance, who, when in this city during the rebellion, wore a Secession badge at an evening entertainment, and of whom Mr. LOWELL satirically wrote, "In a civilized country he might have been roughly handled." When Lord HARTINGTON was presented to the President at Washington, Mr. LINCOLN, who had heard of the badge business, persisted in calling him Mr. PARTINGTON, greatly to the young man's disgust. And how will the Poet Laureate receive Mr. LOWELL? "The dainty trick of TENNYSON cloys," says LOWELL; and he calls the unlaureated BROWNING "by far the richest nature of the time." Yet Mr. BROWNING can hardly love Mr. LOWELL, for to this pretty compliment is appended the comment that "the author of 'The Ring and the Book' becomes more obscure with every poem he writes."

—Memorial services in honor of ROBERT RAIKES are to take place in England in June next, under the patronage of the Queen. Mr. RAIKES was a printer, and the editor of the Gloucester *Journal*, but his great fame rests upon the fact that he was the founder of Sunday-schools, and that one hundred years ago he employed several women to teach a number of ragged children found in the streets of Gloucester. He paid these women a shilling a day. The children were taught from 10 A.M. to 12; after an hour's recess, they read a lesson and went to church. After church they repeated the catechism till after five, and were then charged to go home at once and quietly. The memorial services are to take place in Westminster Abbey, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and at Lambeth Palace, and are to be under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean STANLEY, the Lord Mayor, and other high dignitaries.

—President CHAPIN, of Beloit College, Wisconsin, is the oldest college president in this country, so far as actual service goes. He was elected in 1851; President ANDERSON, of Rochester University, in 1853; and President ANDREWS, of Marietta College, Ohio, in 1855.

—There are few better talkers in the country than JOSEPH JEFFERSON. His voice and manner are very gentle and attractive. He never wants a word, and he paints for the mind's eye as artistically as he does for the natural eye with his pencil and brush. He has numbers of pleasant songs, with which he accompanies himself on the piano, that are the delight of children as well as grown-up people. The hearty laughter of the little folks at hearing him sing "Brother John," and the "Three Sailors of Bristol City," is just as much enjoyed by himself as by them, so genuinely fond is he of children.

—The best debating speaker among the Irish Home Rulers in Parliament, both in manner and substance, and one of the best in the House, is said to be Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, who is favorably remembered in New York. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, whose character and literary reputation make him a very valuable accession to the Home Rule ranks, has great readiness of ideas and fluency of speech, and there is an artistic form about what he does which is refreshing amid the slovenliness of British oratory. But at present the training of the journalist and the book-man is conspicuous, and Mr. MCCARTHY improvises essays and leading articles rather than Parliamentary speeches.

—Mr. JOHN M. BROADHEAD, who died a few days since in South Newmarket, New Hampshire, bequeathed $10,000 to establish a library in that town, provided the town will change its name to Newfield, its former name. Mr. BROADHEAD was formerly for many years Second Comptroller of the Treasury at Washington.

—The oldest minister in the Church of Scotland is the Rev. WALTER HOME, of Polwarth, Berwickshire, who was ordained fifty-seven years ago, and succeeded his father as the minister of the church of that place.

—It is said that Prince de Lynar, who married the opulent Miss PARSONS, of Ohio, and who sent in his resignation from the Prussian diplomatic service rather than accept the mission to Brazil, some years ago, is about to be re-instated by the German Foreign Office.

—Mr. CHAUNCEY SLATER, foreman of a shop in Mansfield, Connecticut, recently fell heir to $100,000. The other day he got a check for $90,000, which he pocketed unconcernedly, and kept on at work. He says he shall keep on as foreman, wear his old clothes, and not go into silver mining. There is still $10,000 due on the bequest, and he will probably *take the Chaunceys* of getting that rather than rush into mines and such.

—Dean STANLEY has again given expression to his independence, and his aversion to the views of certain magnates of the Church of England, who, at a recent meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, took occasion to fire off their opposition to Bishop COLENSO. The Dean rose and said: "As a propagator of the Gospel, Bishop COLENSO will be remembered long after you are dead and buried." This was the signal for a storm, but the Dean quietly stood, and presently said:

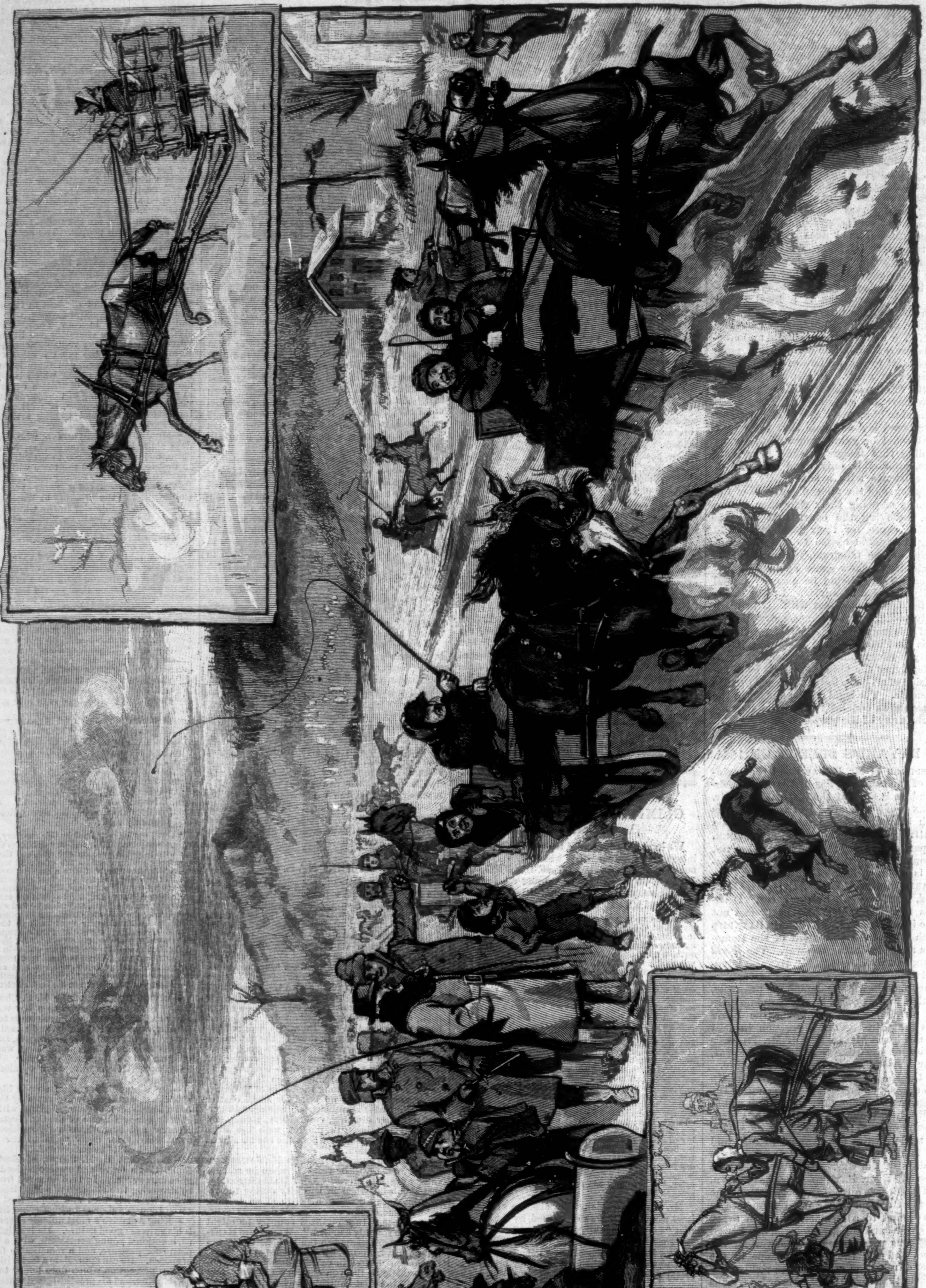
"I will not be restrained by this mockery, this ridicule, these jeers. There will be one bishop who, when his own interests were on one side, and the interests of a poor savage chief on the other, did not hesitate to sacrifice his own, and with a manly generosity, for which this society has not a word of sympathy, did his best to protect the suppliant, did not hesitate to come over from Africa to England to plead the cause of this poor unfriended savage, and when he had secured the support of the Colonial Office—unlike other colonial bishops—he immediately went back to his diocese. For all these things the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel appears to have no sympathy; but you may depend upon it that outside these walls—in the world at large—whenever Natal is mentioned they will win admiration; and posterity will say that among the propagators of the Gospel in the nineteenth century, the Bishop of Natal was not the least efficient."

—Bishop SIMPSON, of the M. E. Church, is a native of Cadiz, Ohio, and as a boy was timid, awkward, and overgrown, sensitive as to his personal appearance, but manly, and a hard student. He lived apart from his school-mates, and spending his time in reading and thinking, was considered ungenial and uncompanionable. When he left Cadiz, at twenty-five, their opinion of him had changed.

—Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, now in his ninety-sixth year, was recently presented by the parish of St. Luke's, at Ramsgate, England, with a handsomely bound volume of the Old Testament in Hebrew and English, as a recognition of his great charity for many years to the poor of Ramsgate and its neighborhood.

—Lieutenant H. H. SMITH, of Boston, has found that a brave and generous deed seldom goes unrewarded. In 1876 he saved from death by drowning two children of a Maryland gentleman, who lately died and bequeathed twenty-seven thousand dollars to Lieutenant SMITH.

—King ALFONSO's most notable characteristic is his extreme good nature. He is a light-hearted, emotional young gentleman, with a keen appetite for pleasure, and a remarkable frankness of speech. He can appreciate a fact with a clearness of perception which does honor to his understanding, and his practical good sense is much greater than his imagination. To command his attention, it is necessary to show him some solid advantage, and he is by no means disposed to overestimate fine words and varnish. A person who wished him success went to congratulate him immediately after his proclamation as King of Spain, and found him rather puzzled than impressed by what had happened. "It is all well and good," he said, with agreeable simplicity, "to call me 'sire', and tell me I am a sovereign, but I have yet received no money, and I do not quite know what to make of this business. A king without money will never do." ("Un roi sans argent ne va pas du tout.") His Majesty, having delivered himself of this sentiment without the smallest embarrassment, seemed to rely on his visitor to confirm the sober truth of it.



BUYING TROTTING HORSES ON THE ANDROSCOGGIN.—Drawn by J. E. Kelley.—[See Page 183.]

GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.—[Photographed by A. Liebert, Paris.]

COLONEL JOHN W. FOSTER.—[Photographed by Valleto, Mexico.]

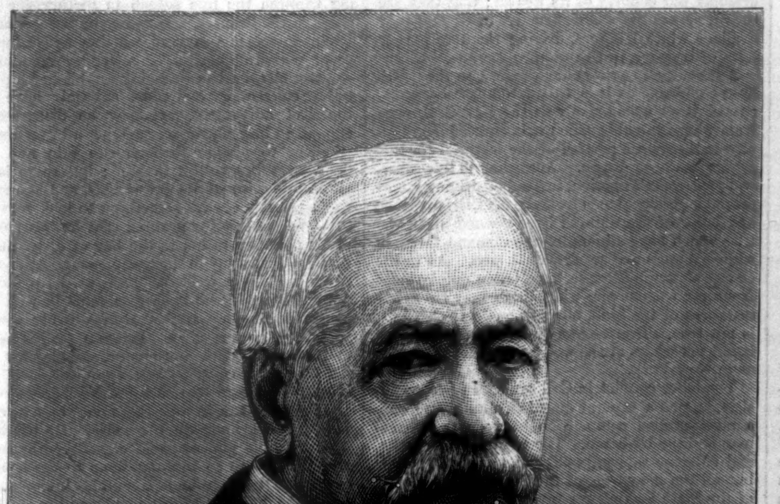
FOUR REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

We herewith present our readers with the portraits of three distinguished Americans who have recently been appointed to fill important diplomatic positions abroad, and with that of the eminent Frenchman who is now on a mission to this country connected with one of the most extensive engineering projects of the century.

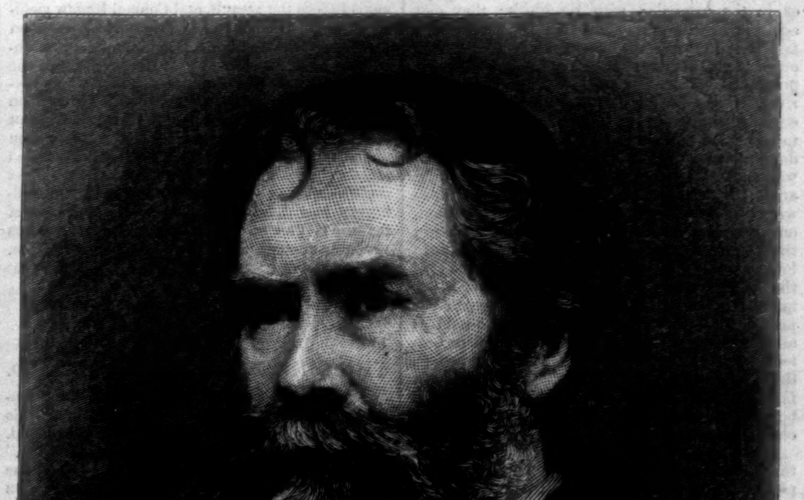
James Russell Lowell, Minister at the court of St. James, comes of old New England stock. Members of his family have long held important positions in Massachusetts. He was born at Elmwood, in that State, February 22, 1819. In 1838 he graduated with high honors at Harvard, where his first printed production—a class poem—appeared. This was succeeded, in 1841, by a collection of poems called *A Year's Life.* Two years later he began the publication of a literary magazine, which was relinquished after the publication of three numbers. His second volume, published in 1844, contained the "Legend of Brittany," and other poems. This was followed at intervals by a volume of prose essays, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Fable for Critics," "The Biglow Papers," etc. Mr. Lowell was appointed Minister to Spain in 1877. His appointment to the position which he now holds was received with universal satisfaction.

Ex-Governor Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, recently Consul-General at Paris, now United States Minister to Spain, was born at Franklin Mills, Ohio, December 27, 1831. His family removed to Wisconsin in 1846. On the outbreak of the rebellion he entered the military service as Captain in the Second Wisconsin Volunteers, belonging to the famous "Iron Brigade"; became Lieutenant-Colonel, dating from June, 1861; was full Colonel of the same regiment in McClellan's and Pope's campaigns; participated in fourteen battles; was for some months a prisoner of war in Libby Prison, at Richmond; lost his left arm by a cannon-ball at Gettysburg; was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers and Captain in the Regular Army August 5, 1863. While at home in that year, recovering from his wound, he was elected Secretary of State of Wisconsin. He served for two years, and was then elected Governor, which position he held during three terms. In 1872 he was appointed Consul at Liverpool, was transferred to Paris in 1878, and was nominated Minister to Spain in January of this year.

Colonel John W. Foster, our new Minister to Russia, was born in Evansville, Indiana, in 1834. He received a college education, and was admitted to the bar, and was practicing law in his native city when the war broke out. He immediately entered the service, was commissioned an officer of Indiana Volunteers, and saw an unusual amount of hard fighting. He attained the full rank of Colonel, commanded a brigade of cavalry in Burnside's expedition to East Tennessee, and subsequently commanded a division in that region. In 1873 he was sent as Minister to Mexico.



COUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.—[Photographed by Mora.]



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—[Photographed by Warren, Boston.]

THE FALL OF FORT WASHINGTON.

On the northwestern end of New York Island arises a lofty series of rocky hills, broken by several depressions, known as Fort Washington. Many of our citizens have no doubt never visited these still rugged heights and cliffs; few remember that amidst their declivities and defiles occurred one of the fiercest battles of the Revolution. Their tops are crowned by fine houses and pleasant country homes; the view over the river is magnificent; it is probable that in the next century the fairest quarter of the city will have grown up on this appropriate site. But at present the heights of Fort Washington still retain something of that isolation and security that made them in 1776 the natural seat for a fortress. They extend nearly five miles along the river. To the southeast they rise abruptly from the Harlem plain, and only a narrow road leads up from the railroad station to the top of the hill. Here they would seem almost impregnable. On the north and east the Spuyten Duyvel Creek and Harlem River run almost beneath the extremity of the heights. On the west the Hudson gave them apparently a safe protection; on the south the hills and valleys slope away to the Bloomingdale plain. The favorable site was occupied by the Americans in the summer of 1776; a rude fortress in the interior and some exterior barriers were raised along the sides of the hills; a garrison of 2000 men held the extensive works. But when, in September, Washington fled with his beaten troops across the Harlem River, the defenders of the fort were left isolated in the midst of their foes, their brave commanders still confident of their power to repel an attack, eager perhaps to find a new Bunker Hill within the limits of New York.

But the situation of the American forces was very different at Fort Washington from that of Prescott and Warren at Breed's or Bunker Hill. There the whole body was gathered within a single intrenchment; they were united and firm; the enemy advanced in front in an open attack; behind the garrison lay a way of escape, before them the thick masses of the British troops showed them at once all their danger and their hope. Unhappily at Fort Washington everything was different. The 2000 or 3000 men were scattered in various posts along a line of several miles. The little forts at Cock Hill, Tryon, Tubby Hook, and Manhattanville were occupied by a force too small for any useful end. The enemy advanced, unseen at times, amidst the thickets. Four separate attacks were made at different points by an overwhelming force, and the patriot army, shattered and broken after a desperate contest, was driven to take refuge in the crowded fort. Washington must have been familiar with many of the disadvantages and the strength of the lofty range of hills. On their top was the house of Colonel Roger Morris, of the British army, long afterward the well-known residence of Madame Jumel, and the scene of her singular union with Aaron Burr, and their final separation. The splendid mansion, enlarged, but now somewhat neglected, still crowns the rocky height. Here Washington for a time made his head-quarters, and it was with a strange interest that he must have looked upon the deserted and once happy home of one for whom he had avowed an early attachment. In their youth Roger Morris and Washington had served together in the campaign with Braddock; they met again in New York as suitors for the hand of the fair Mary Phillipse, the heiress, whose loyal father owned a great estate around Yonkers. The young provincial officer was neglected for his British rival. Colonel Morris carried off the prize, and occupied a fine house on the heights afterward to be named in honor of Washington, hoping, no doubt, to pass in ease his colonial exile. But the war came. The soldier was summoned to the army; Morris and his father-in-law Phillipse were avowed and bitter Tories; and Washington, on his retreat from New York, lived for a time in the deserted mansion of his former associate in love and war. Here he no doubt discovered that the heights would be indefensible against a numerous force. He was anxious to evacuate the post, but Congress had ordered it to be held at all risks; the Hudson they were resolved to protect. Opposite Fort Washington was Fort Lee, on the Palisades, and the government at Philadelphia fancied that by maintaining the two posts it would be possible to prevent the royal fleet from ascending the Hudson.

It was a vain hope. Already in November, 1776, three British ships of war lay anchored along the pleasant Bloomingdale shore, their guns commanding the passage of the river. Howe, with a strong force, was at Dobb's Ferry, preparing to march upon Fort Washington, with whose position and defenses he was already no doubt familiar. The struggle was near that was to decide its fate. In a cloudy night a large body of the English sailed up the Hudson in flat-bottomed boats to the mouth of Spuyten Duyvel, and had landed safely on the Westchester side. They were to cross over, and attack the upper extremity of the heights. In that chill November season, when the hills were swept by sharp winds, and the leafless woods, bare and waste, scarcely broke their force, when the approach of winter was felt even in comfortable homes and quiet villages, it is easy to imagine the pains and perils of the patriots on their exposed outposts. Looking down from the lofty site of the fort, the highest point on New York Island, it is possible almost to see the scattered bands of Americans crouching beneath their breastworks, separated in small companies by the dividing hills, exposed to the chill air of the November nights, ill fed, ill armed, a band of heroes waiting for their doom. They were chiefly from Pennsylvania and Maryland. Magaw, their brave commander, when Howe summoned him to surrender, refused, and sent a copy of his answer to Washington, across the river. He was confident of victory. Greene sent over re-enforcements. The garrison amounted to nearly three thousand men. But they were scattered from Fort George and Cock Hill, on the northern extremity of the heights, to the sloping shades of Manhattanville.

A fierce cannonade at dawn on November 16 resounded along the Harlem River where now the railroad engine alone disturbs the morning's peace; the English batteries poured in their rain of shot upon the American works; the four attacks began nearly at the same moment, and were led by the chiefs of the English army. On the south, at Manhattanville, Lord Percy, and Lord Howe with eight hundred men, crossing from the Harlem plain, assailed a force of one hundred and fifty Americans under Colonel Cadwallader, of Pennsylvania, and were plainly held in check. Far to the north, at Fort Tryon and Cock Hill, the battle was still more severe. Knyphausen, with his Hessians, climbed the hills near Tubby Hook, drove out the small garrison from Cock Hill, but was repelled for some time from Fort Tryon by the brave Rawlings and his Maryland riflemen. A large number of Hessians were killed. While the battle was raging a boat crossed over from Fort Lee that bore with it Cæsar and his fortunes. Washington, with Putnam, Greene, and Mercer, landed on the dangerous shore, climbed the hills, and from the Morris house looked down upon the battle. How they escaped the English cruisers, what they hoped to win by their rash daring, can scarcely be discovered. But Colonel Magaw, from the fort, still hoped for victory. The four American generals once more clambered down the hills to their boat, and crossed in safety to the Jersey shore. One almost trembles at the story. In a solitary boat were the three commanders who did most for the cause of freedom. A shot from a British ship of war might have changed the history of the continent.

The hours passed slowly over the brave defenders of the heights; each moment was filled with boundless perils. Two British divisions had crossed over the Harlem River while Rawlings in the north and Cadwallader at the extreme south were holding their assailants in check; one climbing the wooded hills drove the Americans from Fort George, a small out-work; the other pierced their lines, and also won the ascent of the declivity. The heights were lost; the enemy held the coveted advantage, and gathered on the rising land around the fort. Rawlings was beaten back from Fort Tryon, and made his way to the interior lines. Cadwallader, fighting bravely, pursued by Lord Percy, and nearly cut off by the successful attack on the heights, made his way by some almost inexplicable path from Manhattanville to the distant citadel. All the morning, from the late November dawn, the roar of cannon and musketry had echoed along those still heights where now the peaceful villas look down on the rich Harlem flats, and where the quiet river awaits the march of progress; the hills and woods from shore to shore were strewn with the dead and dying. At last the whole American force was driven toward the fort, the battle raged around the beleaguered height; the fields around Fort Washington were covered with the British and Hessian dead. About one o'clock Washington had sent word from Fort Lee that if the garrison could hold out until evening, he would endeavor to bring them off. But already the fort had surrendered. The unequal contest was ended. Howe sent in a last summons before the assault, and Colonel Magaw yielded up his untenable post. From his high station on the opposite highlands Washington had watched with inexpressible interest the progress of the battle; with firmness and decision he was prepared to aid the garrison; he had sailed in an open boat, in the midst of the foe, to their relief. But when he saw the slaughter of his helpless men under the walls of the fort by the British and Hessian pikes and guns, when he beheld at last the British flag wave in triumph over the well-known height, he burst, it is said, into floods of tears. It was no unmanly weakness. He was probably preparing for some desperate decision. He may have imagined in that decisive moment a Trenton and a Princeton.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Chinese emigrates, but he does not assimilate. So far as is possible, he preserves in his new home all the manners and customs of the old. Having been born in the "Celestial Empire," whose arrangements he regards as perfect, the strange civilization of the West has no attraction for him, and he will have none of it. Such a scene, therefore, as the one in our engraving on page 260 has about it nearly all the elements of a holiday celebration in Canton or Pekin. The Chinese quarter of San Francisco, lit up and adorned for a festival, might be a strip of a most populous Asiatic city inserted in the midst of a characteristically American town.

The street peculiarities of the "quarter" are most typical of its Mongolian character. The predominating colors which greet the eye are red and gilt, most of the insignia of business consisting of bright red letters. The signs, which read vertically, instead of horizontally like our own, frequently extend from the lintel to the threshold of the door. The sidewalks on either side are crowded with stalls for the sale of fruit, sweetmeats, and a thousand articles familiar only to the Mongolian appetite and taste. In a space not two feet wide and three feet long, a cobbler finds room on the sidewalk to carry on his trade. Every nook and irregularity between doors and entrances to basements is occupied by cobblers, tinkers, razor-sharpeners, fruit-sellers, and other "curb-stone merchants." Some of these pay a small rental for the privileges they enjoy, but many are free tenants. During the evening the leading streets of the quarter are more thronged and crowded by pedestrians than any other quarter of the city. The theatres, the restaurants, the joss-houses, and some of the other buildings are fancifully decorated and illuminated on their balconies and other stories during the evening, while Chinese lanterns of all sizes and shapes flutter and flicker in front of all public places.

Like other Californians, many of the Chinese board at restaurants. The merchants usually keep a cook and small kitchen in the rear of their establishments, and use the principal room for a dining-room; but they all go to restaurants for great dinners, and the common people live constantly in them. The cheap cellar eating-places are exceedingly filthy, but the more reputable restaurants are quite respectable in their appointments and general appearance. Chinese cooking is more like the French than the English. They are fond of cutting everything up fine, and mixing different things together. Their meats are usually well cooked. The principal drawbacks to the enjoyment of a Chinese dinner are the inability of the Americans to use chopsticks, and the fact that many of the dishes taste of oil or rancid butter. Then each one drives his own chopsticks into the common dish; this requires considerable skill and practice, and is not generally agreeable to the American taste. The more important restaurants, however, keep knives, forks, plates, table-cloths, and napkins, and can on due notice get up quite a respectable American dinner.

Newspaper writers have sometimes told their readers that only Christian Chinamen leave off the queue and adopt the American style of dress. This is a mistake. A few Chinese Christians have adopted the American dress and discarded the queue, but most of them have not done so. A number, who are very far from being Christians, have also changed their dress and discarded the queue. It has been said that one-half the Chinese in America would be glad to adopt our fashions in dress if a general move could be made in that direction. But if they should do this, on returning to China, custom would compel them to resume the queue and the Chinese dress. Probably the queue stands more in the way of the Chinese becoming Americanized than any other one thing. So long as the queue is retained, the Chinese fashion of dress will be retained, and the two things will forever make them a distinct and peculiar people. If they would adopt our customs in these things, they would not be much more unlike us than the Japanese, Italians, or Portuguese, and the way would be opened for further and more rapid assimilation.

The presence of these Mongolians on our shores, with their singular costumes, small appetites, and placid ways of performing work, has given rise to a vast amount of discussion and sore prejudice. In the early days of California the antagonisms between the whites and the Chinese were developed mostly in the mining regions, and have continued with more or less bitterness until now, the hostility being always most active during the canvass for State and general elections. These unfortunate Asiatics are accused of being an injury to the best interests of our country and our people because they cheapen labor, and because they are an inferior race. It is charged that the most of them come here as slaves; that they do not pay taxes; that they do not consume our products, but send their money home, thus draining our country of its wealth; that they are the careless authors of destructive fires; that they displace white laborers, driving them to pursue lives of beggary, prostitution, and crime.

A great many writers have dealt with the "Chinese problem," as it is called, but few have discussed it as exhaustively as the Rev. O. GIBSON, from whose valuable little work, entitled *The Chinese in America*, a portion of the material for this article has been drawn. According to this reverend gentleman's opinion, instead of driving laborers or professional men from the field, the presence and labor of the Chinese have opened up industries which have stimulated the demand for such white laborers and professional men. As to the charge that the Chinese have taken employment from our women and girls, there may be single instances of the kind, but as a general charge it is not true. House-servants, sewing-women, and laundry-workers are as well paid in San Francisco as in New York.

The labor conflict in California, Mr. GIBSON insists, is, "as a general question, simply and only a much-needed competition between the Chinaman and the Irishman. The Irishman has a vote, and so some aspiring politicians are on his side; but all the industries of the State, all the capital of the State looking for investment in industrial pursuits, demand this competition of labor as an indispensable element of investment, development, and success. This competition, however, in this city is limited to a few of the lighter and lower industries. The Chinamen make overalls, and slippers, and shoes, and cigars, and shirts; but no overalls for the trade were made in this country until the Chinamen made them. The Chinamen do not labor upon the public works of the city, the grading, paving, and repaving of the streets, nor upon any of the public buildings of the State. There are no Chinese house-carpenters, nor bricklayers, nor painters, nor blacksmiths, nor foundry-men; no Chinese printers, nor book-binders, nor tailors (of American clothing), nor milliners, nor mantua-makers; no bankers nor insurance agents; no commission merchants of European goods. They offer no competition to our lawyers, doctors, school-teachers, nor to any profession whatever."

The class of labor which the Chinese have cheapened is that generally known as "unskilled." The white man in California demanded four or five dollars a day for the performance of work of this kind, and the Chinaman was willing to do it for half. This has been his sin from the beginning. High-priced labor began a war against him, maintaining that "cheap labor is a curse to any country." Thus the antagonism of races commenced, and the war has gone on with this for a battle-cry. Other things have been dragged into the discussion, but the weighty charge of the opposition to Chinamen has been the cheap-labor cry. At the present moment there is a great excitement in San Francisco over the "filthy manner of living prevalent among the Chinese." The Board of Health of that city has declared Chinatown a nuisance, and ordered the authorities to remove it from the heart of the city. The report made by the committee who were appointed to investigate the matter is a lengthy document, but a few extracts will suffice to show the spirit of the whole.

The different alleys throughout the quarter are described as "of intolerable nastiness." The walls of the rooms are thick with dirt, slime, and sickening filth, the sewers in many places are choked up, and at every step slime oozes up through the cracks in the flooring, while the stench of decaying vegetables and the refuse of the tables is horrible. "In the midst of all this filth," says the report, "Chinamen may be seen manufacturing confectionery, assorting vegetables for family use in the city, cleaning tripe for our restaurants, and washing lace for our ladies. Rooms were discovered not more than six feet square, with Chinamen crowded upon shelves, with their little glass lamps by their side, making the foul air fouler still with the fumes of opium, and some of them senseless from the use of the drug. Not a ray of sunlight or a breath of fresh air can ever penetrate here." In one alleyway, after going down stairs, an under-ground passageway several hundred feet long was encountered, flanked on either side by small rooms in which one person could scarcely be comfortable above-ground, but which are made to accommodate ten or twelve each. At intervals of eight or ten feet little streams of filthy water ran out from between the partitions, flowed into a gutter which was cut along the centre of the passage, and emptied into an open sewer at the end. In Clay Street a basement was found in which a score of wretched Chinamen suffering from loathsome diseases were huddled together. The Chinese, the report insists, have no sympathy for their friends in sickness, and, as a rule, leave them to die uncared for. In a building in Sacramento Street is what is known as the home of the Chinese scavengers. It is forty feet long by twenty feet wide, and dimly lighted, day and night, by a single camphene lamp. This room is the boarding and lodging house of 200 Chinamen, where they eat, smoke, gamble, and sleep, surrounded by the filthy spoils which they have gleaned from the gutters and ash-barrels during the day. Its inmates have a ghastly look, and are covered with a clammy perspiration. In this one building over 1000 men find lodgings.

Unfortunately there is too much reason to suspect that the Board of Health in San Francisco, like that of our own city, is not entirely unswayed by political influences. Matters look very much as if what ought to be a body of unprejudiced and conscientious medical men had ranged themselves under the banner of Mr. KEARNEY and his colleagues. From the beginning persons of this ilk have been found ready and willing to fan the sparks of ignorant bigotry and prejudice into flames of animosity and hatred toward this people. The result has been acts of violence, bloodshed, and murder on the one hand, and on the other certain special class legislation equally iniquitous, the object achieved being simply the repression and injury of the Chinese. And this while intelligent men and calm thinkers have been doing their best to bear testimony to the generally quiet and industrious character of the poor Chinaman, and the indisputable capacity he possesses for becoming a good citizen.

ENGLISH COUNTRY TRAMPS.

There must be a certain fascination in the life of the industrial wanderer who follows his calling through the fine season in picturesque districts in the country. Whether he trudges it on foot or travels in a caravan, whether he is a mender of pots and kettles or a vender of wicker-work chairs, he has probably established a profitable connection, and must certainly have his times of enjoyment. It may be disagreeable enough to buffet your way against a bitter March wind, or to plunge through the rain and the lanes over the ankles in mud; but there is no lot in life without its drawbacks, and the rural wanderer has always something to look forward to. We take it for granted that he has money in his purse, or rather in the bag of dirty canvas that he knots up in intricate complications of twine. He is a welcome guest at the road-side public-house, for he is sure to come in with the gossip of the day, and is always ready with a song, a jest, or a story. He calls for his bacon and eggs, or bread and cheese, and he ekes out his beer with contributions from the local tipplers, who regard him as a decided acquisition to their circle. But in nine cases out of ten he need not fall back upon the ale-house. He has been busy over his jobs at some out-of-the-way farm, and takes care to prolong them to the hour of supper. Of course he is hospitably invited to the meal, and he does ample justice to the solid refreshments. Then he retires to sweet repose in the hay-loft, or on the yielding truss of straw in the barn, and sleeps the heavy slumber of the hard-working man, to begin the wanderings of the morrow with a liberal breakfast.

Still pleasanter, so far as appearances go, is the gypsying of the family parties in the caravans. They have their regular nooks of call and sojourn, chosen for natural advantages which have been recognized long ago by their experience. There is the wooded bank that breaks the wind and rain when they are blowing roughly up from the exposed quarters; there is the copse from which the pilgrims can gather the dry firewood, somewhat to the indignation of the lord of the manor, who seldom, however, cares to interfere with people who might do his coverts a mischief; there is the high-road in the lane hard by, for they like a cheerful sense of companionship; and as they never by any chance carry clocks or watches, it is an object to be within shouting distance of better-provided passengers. Above all, they are near the limpid spring at which they can fill the indispensable tea-kettle. You may even envy them, with their weather-browned faces, excellent spirits, and hearty appetites, as you see them seated of an evening at the *al fresco* repast, with the slanting beams of the

setting sun falling through the boughs of the trees on the green table-cloth of turf.

Nor are they altogether to be pitied even in bad weather or in the winter, when the low temperature or the nipping blast has driven them indoors. Theirs may be somewhat cramped quarters, within the rickety caravan that can be drawn by the single screw that picks up his living in the ditches. Yet you see a rude reflection in it of the comfort, though more regardless of expense, which Dickens immortalized in the vehicle of Mrs. Jarley, of wax-work celebrity. The light from the tiny stove is glimmering through the scarlet curtains; the solitary dip candle or horn lantern shines upon the heads of a Rembrandt-like group clustered round cups and loaves and a capacious tea-pot, while there is a brisk sound of hissing and an odor in the air which tell of rashers, or sausages, or similar delicacies. In short, the tramps in the country who work for their living are for the most part well clothed and better fed; and often, if they avoid temptations to drink, they have snug little sums invested somewhere.

AN OLD HORSE-DEALER'S TALK.

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Bishop, the well-known Bull's Head dealer, who has been for forty years in the business, "that there are no horses in this country to be compared with those that come from Maine. I don't mean, mind you, that nothing good comes from anywhere else, for that isn't so; but the Eastern horse wears better than any I have ever seen. Being 'blocky' in build, he has something to run on, while the long-legged, thin-bodied, narrow-headed animal that comes from elsewhere starts off well, and makes a dash, but he's like a comet—that's the end of him. The Maine horse holds his own, and keeps getting better and better all the time, and is good to the last. I'd rather have just the tail of a Maine horse than a whole horse from anywhere else. That old fellow of mine out there in the wagon is one of them. I drive him for common. Bring him out of the stable any day, and he'll make his sixteen miles an hour right here in the city. Nobody can pass him. He's as gentle as a kitten; a woman can drive him. Snap a whip within an inch of his ear, and it won't startle him. You might throw a pack of lighted fire-crackers under him, and he wouldn't move a peg. I never tie him anywhere. I can stand here and tell him to go, and he won't budge an inch; but the minute I get into the wagon, and take those lines in my hands, and give him the word, he's off like a flash.

"Mr. Kelly's picture of the Androscoggin is as true as a photograph. There's Auburn one side of the river, and Lewiston on the other. That's one of my buying-places. A week or so before going up I advertise that I am coming, and when I get there they drive in from all over to sell their steeds. Sometimes a fellow rides in what they call a 'jumper.' It is nothing but a crockery crate lashed on a frame-work pinned into two hickory saplings nicked and bent up for shafts and runners. Not a nail is used. It is made in two or three hours, and serves only to carry the man to town. If he sells his horse, he throws his jumper away, and rides home with the man who didn't sell *his*.

"'Is it cold up there?' Well, it is, and no mistake. Many a time I have ridden for miles when the thermometer was twelve below zero. You can see for yourself in the picture the river is frozen over, and the sleighs are driven on the ice.

"I don't buy all they bring me—probably not one out of ten. Some of the men that sell them are mighty smart, but there's a woman up there—a speculator—who is smarter than any of them. Mr. Kelly calls her 'the fair jockey,' but the people call her 'Old Mother Skinner.' For the life of me I can't tell why, for she isn't old, and she is good-looking. She's quicker than lightning. That other woman up in the corner is teaching a motherless colt to take milk. She holds the bowl in her lap, and wetting her thumb in the milk, gets him to take it into his mouth. After he has done this several times, she gradually lowers her fist until his lips touch the milk, and he draws a full supply. Soon afterward he learns to lap it up directly from the basin, and needs no further assistance.

"'What do I do with the horses I buy?' Well, I bring them down here, trim them up nicely, clean them off, and feed them up, and when they're in good shape, sell them. They're just like country girls in one respect. The girls are nice as they can be on the farms, but after the city milliner and dress-maker fixes them up, you wouldn't know them. So with horses, when they're dressed a little it makes a great difference in them. It costs to do it, though, and sometimes we don't get the money back. Last trip I made I bought a horse for $325, and after all the expense had been put on him, I had to sell him for $250. But I averaged it with another that I sold for four times what he cost me. There are a good many risks in the business. A horse may sicken before you get him to market, and either die or be used up. One I bought the other day for $250 took pneumonia, and I would be glad to sell him now for $50.

"'Tricks?' There isn't any end of them. If you want to buy a horse, don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him, and take everything off but the halter, and lead him around. If he has a corn, or is stiff, or has any other failing, you can see it. Let him go by himself a little ways, and if he staves right into anything, you may know he's stone-blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him up, too. Some horses show their weaknesses or tricks that way when they don't in any other.

"But be as smart as you can, and you'll get caught sometimes. Even an expert gets stuck. A horse may look ever so nice, and go a mile a minute, and yet have fits, for instance. There isn't a live man could tell it till something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip, and off he goes for a mile or two; then, all of a sudden, he sits right down in the road. After a rest he gets up and starts again, but he soon sits down for good, and nothing but a derrick could raise him. There are sharpers in New York who make a business of selling such horses. After the sale, they have their agents slyly follow the buyer, and when the final breakdown comes, they step up, and after expressing their sympathy for him, buy the horse back again for a mere song, only to sell him again at a fancy figure to the next greenhorn who may come along. Even a horse with the heaves may be doctored up so you can't tell him. They feed him on wet grain for a while, and then when they show him off, drive him so smartly that you can't see there's anything wrong.

"Do you know what a 'dummy' is? You don't? Well, I'll tell you. He's a horse that don't know anything. His brain is gone wrong. A dark stall and overfeeding have ruined his digestion, and that has affected his brain. Drive him out a ways and pretty soon he'll jerk his head around and pull right straight on one line. You can't hold him; it's of no use to try. The first thing you know he's dumped you in a ditch, or smashed you up against a lamp post. Tie him in the stable, and he'll back up till he breaks every halter you put on him. Stretch a rope across the end of the stall so he can't back out, and he'll climb up the wall.

"Maybe you don't believe it, but it's so. I have seen one go clear up stairs, and once I saw one go out of a second-story window, and another walked off a dock into the river. Watch him when he's eating, and you'll often see him go to sleep with the feed in his mouth. He doesn't know any better; he's just a fool. I bought one of these idiots when I was a beginner in the business. He broke everything in the stable, and then went up the wall like a lunatic. Afterward one of the boys that groomed him for the man I bought him of admitted that the animal was 'just a *l-e-e-tle* bit dumb.' I can tell one now the minute I set eyes on him. *He steps uncommonly high.* In most cases, when you see a horse do that, be sure he's a dummy.

"'What do we do with horses we get stuck on?' Send them to the auction, where buyers take all the risks. No reputable dealer ever sells a bad one any other way. It doesn't pay to do it.

"I could talk all day about these things, only your paper is full now, I guess, and I'll stop. But don't you ever buy a horse, young man, unless you know how to do it."

PRANKS WITH THE MOUTH.

The mouth is not to be played pranks with, but it often is so. The heedless practice of putting small articles in the mouth, either for the purpose of holding them for a few moments or for playing some trick, has been frequently attended with very serious consequences. Yet the practice is common, especially among young women, who may be seen holding pins between their teeth while dressing. Medical attendants in hospitals have frequent cause to find fault with female patients of a humble rank for putting pins in their mouth when they have occasion to remove any part of their dress.

Children of both sexes seem almost to have an instinctive fancy to put playthings in their mouth, and sometimes therefore give no end of trouble to parents and nurses. Notwithstanding every precaution, distressing accidents occur. A few years ago a boy swallowed a small piece of brass chain, with which he had been amusing himself by putting it into his mouth. The bit of chain lodged in the stomach, and though medical aid was resorted to, the poor child languished and died. Only a few weeks ago, as mentioned in the London *Lancet*, a young boy in Devonshire died from having allowed a small tin whistle to slip from his mouth into the trachea, where it stuck, and baffled attempts at removal. Death took place from inability to breathe.

Remarkable instances are related of needles which had been accidentally swallowed finding their way, point foremost, through the sides of the stomach, and thence to the exterior surface of the body, where they are drawn out. It is all a chance, however, that they make their escape in this harmless manner, and accordingly there is no excuse for women thoughtlessly, it may be perversely, putting needles in their mouth. Those who do so run a great risk of perishing in considerable agony. Occasionally female lunatics in their mad freaks unwittingly kill themselves by swallowing needles which they manage to secrete. A case has been mentioned to us of a most extraordinary degree of mad perversity. A female lunatic had such a morbid craving for swallowing small parcels of needles which from time to time she procured that at length she destroyed herself. At a post-mortem examination as many—if we mistake not—as three hundred and ninety needles, in a less or more state of corrosion, were found lodged in various parts of her body. In another case that has been recorded, the great French surgeon, Baron Dupuytren, extracted two hundred and fifty-four needles through the skin, to which they had found their way from the stomach.

In the narrative of memorable cases connected with Guy's Hospital there is a curious story of a sailor named John Cummings, who, in a spirit of vulgar brag, and mostly when half intoxicated, swallowed clasp-knives. In 1799 he had seen a French juggler perform the trick of assumedly swallowing knives of that kind as a public entertainment. The feat was so cleverly performed that the spectators—or at least some of them—were under the belief that the knives vanished down the throat of the juggler, instead of being put by sleight of hand in some part of his dress. The sailor, in his simplicity, was one of the credulous sort, and to astonish his messmates he began to swallow clasp-knives. He at first swallowed only four, which, fortunately for him, were expelled, and no inconvenience ensued. He thought no more of knife-swallowing for six years. In March, 1805, when at Boston, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, and was ready to repeat his performance. A small knife was produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of that evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him, and in the course of the day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen.

He paid dearly for his frolic; for he was seized with constant vomiting, and pain in the stomach. Taken to a hospital, he was by efficacious medical treatment relieved, as he imagined, of all the knives he had swallowed. But in this he would appear to have been mistaken. Portions of knives undissolved remained in his stomach. The amount of relief, whatever it was, did not cure the poor wretch of his folly. When at Spithead in December, 1805, and somewhat tipsy, he resumed his boastfulness of being able to swallow knives, and to amuse the ship's company swallowed nine clasp-knives, some of them of a large size. Again he became ill, and was in the hands of the ship's surgeon for several months, during which portions of knives were discharged. At length he was admitted as a patient at Guy's Hospital in 1807, and again he came to the hospital in 1808. There he remained, sinking under his sufferings, until March, 1809, when he died in a state of extreme emaciation.

An incident is told of the late Mr. Brunel, the eminent English engineer, who planned the Thames Tunnel and the Great Western Railway. One day while diverting a child with tricks of sleight of hand, by causing a half sovereign to mysteriously disappear and re-appear, a stunning disaster occurred. The trick consisted in adroitly concealing the coin in his mouth, and pretending to bring it out at his ear. All at once, before he was aware, and to his dismay, the half sovereign slipped down into his gullet. He tried to cough it up without effect. There it stuck. Every surgical device was tried to get hold of it without avail. It became evident that if the coin could not be dislodged, fatal results would ensue. It was a matter of life and death. In the dire dilemma into which he had needlessly brought himself, Brunel's presence of mind did not desert him. He devised a wooden structure to which he could be strapped head downward, in the hope that the half sovereign would fall out of his throat by the force of gravity. It was a painful experiment, but life was at stake. He was fixed to the machine head downmost, keeping his mouth open. To his inexpressible relief, the coin dropped from its lurking-place, and rolled to the floor.

An account was lately published of the death at Heidelberg of Mr. Adolf Sander, who was formerly in large practice as a physician in Elberfeld and its neighborhood. One morning in 1874, while dressing, he contrived in some way to get a shirt button between his teeth. Unconsciously, while laughing, the button slipped into the back of his mouth, and thence into the larynx. All the exertions of his surgical friends to remove it were vain. It was ascertained that it sank into the right lung, which soon became irritated. Spitting of blood ensued, and he was himself looking forward to his death as not very remote. He removed to a villa he had near Frankfort-on-the-Main, to pass his last days in quiet. Here he was surprised by a violent fit of coughing, accompanied by spitting of blood, in a paroxysm of which the button was ejected. His health rapidly improved, and in a couple of months, regarding himself as quite cured, he resumed his professional work, and endeavored to gather up the threads of his former practice. But last year unmistakable symptoms manifested themselves that the lung had not fully recovered from the presence in its substance of a foreign body for several months. He spent the winter in the south of Europe, but returned almost worse than he went. He gradually wasted away, and died.

THINK BEFORE YOU DO IT.

The affixing of the stamp is in the majority of cases the last stage of the letter-writing. It is a kind of sealing, signing, and delivering. It would not be a bad moral habit for a man to pause before affixing his postage stamp, and to consider whether judiciously and conscientiously he had not better save his money. When once he has dropped his letter into the letter-box, he has committed one of the irrevocable acts of this life. As you prepare to affix your stamp, give one final thought to conscience, whether you might not alter, improve, or altogether obliterate that letter. There may be all sorts of wrong and evil connected with letter-writing; but to specialize an instance, you may have been writing an angry letter. It may be a clever, caustic letter, and you feel rather inclined to regard it approvingly, considered as a literary production. But it may be a passionate and unjust letter. It may be unreasonable and untrue. You may be giving unmerited pain by sending it. You may bitterly regret the moments when your hand obeyed the immoral behest of your mind. You have heard of the physician's prescription about the cucumber: to peel it carefully, slice it tenderly, be gingerly with your vinegar and plenteous with the oil, sprinkle the pepper, brown or red, over it—and then fling the mess out of the window. So when you sit down to your letter, my dear and slightly excited friend, pile up your invectives, accumulate your adjectives, be caustic and cutting in your phrases; but just before you post it give a thought to the ethics of a postage stamp, light your pipe with it, and save your money.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In Lynchburg, Virginia, a distinguished member of the bar, appealing to the Court for the discharge of his client, wound up with the statement that if the Court sent him on further trial, a stain would be left on his character which could not be washed off by all the waters of the blue ocean, and all the soap which could be manufactured from the "ponderous carcass of the commonwealth's attorney." To this the ponderous attorney replied that, while he "deemed it foreign to the case at the bar, he desired to advise the Court, if they thought it advisable to boil his body into soap, they should look to the opposite counsel for the concentrated lye out of which to make it."

Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

A young American, who had been in Paris for a year studying medicine, was visited by his father. Like a dutiful son, he parades his paternal conscientiously through the city, and points out its architectural lions. Finally they halt before a many-pillared building. "What is that lordly pile?" asks the old man. "I don't know," replies the youth; "but there is a sergent de ville." They cross over, and put the question. "That, gentlemen," says the official, "is the Medical School."

Of course the ice-cart drivers are totally blind to the interests of customers when they put their ice out.

Singers should be above climatic influences; it is easy for them to have a change of air.

An English writer thinks the American early potatoes will come to an end ere long, for as each new variety is claimed to ripen about ten days earlier than any other, the time between planting and digging will soon be used up.

An old lady was recently overheard to ask her little boy how he dare steal the molasses syruptitiously.

A well-known lawyer of this State, being perplexed over a point of law, called at the office of a brother attorney to consult him upon it. The latter remarked, with dignity, that he usually had pay for his advice. "Then," said lawyer number one, extending fifty cents, "tell me all you know, and give me back the change."

A good sort of man was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it, you can't get any one to play on it."

A shoe-maker announces that he is willing to give woman not only her rights, but her lefts also.

A punster gave as an excuse for writing to a friend that it was ink-convenient to call.

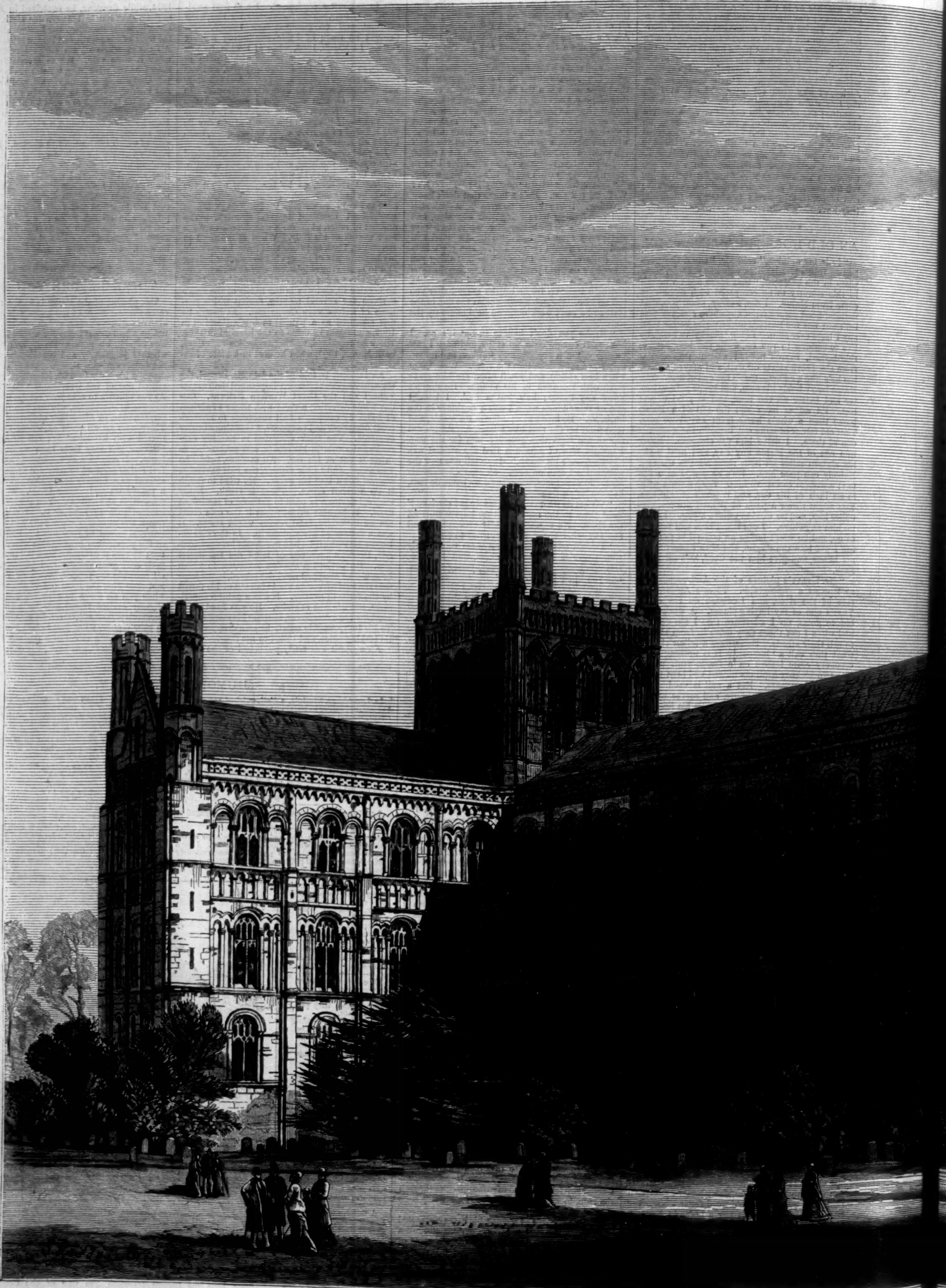
"The Court orders you to conclude," said a judge to a tedious lawyer. "Very well, your honor, then I conclude that the Court shall listen to me."

Parent (*to dissolute son, who has been making calls*). "It's a shame you should go on so. Be a man and keep sober, and you may make your mark."

Dissolute Son. "Can (hic) do more'n that now: can write my name."

AT FRISCO.

"See here, me Chinee Haythun, I'm wan of the Committee of National Safety; and bringing to me moind the words of George O'Washington and Dan'l O'Webster in regarrd to Furrin Inflooince, ye must go. D'ye understand? Ye must go!"



ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE—P[ETER]BORO[UGH]

[PETER]BOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—[See Page 187.]

INDECISION.

So many dreams and fancies creep
 Around the vision sweet and rare
In the long vigils that I keep
 While framing a fond lover's prayer
To that one maid whose radiant glance
 Seems brighter far than all the rest,
The one of whom I say, "Perchance
 Her gathered life will make me blest,"
That, after all, I seem to think,
 Why should her beauty be mine own?
Beneath my touch the light might shrink
 That shines so fair and pure alone.

I've thought for weeks—am thinking yet—
 I wonder if yon glittering star
So high in heaven's ether set
 Had not much rather gleam afar.
I wonder if the glowing rose
 Is happier on a maiden's breast
Than when it in the garden grows
 A lovely blossom 'mid the rest.
You say, perhaps, "The wisest way
 Is just to give the maid a voice."
If she said "Yes?" Day follows day—
 In future years would we rejoice?

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

HYBLA MEWS.

"Capting Langton," said Dick, appearing for a moment from the inner room in his hay bands, in the character of the master of ceremonies, and then retiring; "him as you've heard of before now, John, Newmarket way."

"A way I don't like," murmured Mrs. Rutherford to herself, but nevertheless bobbing a courtesy, and handing the visitor a chair.

"I doubt whether this gallery will bear the three of us," observed the captain, stepping on it with affected apprehension; "we're not such light weights as we were, missus."

"There has been more than three on this verander before now, sir," was her somewhat curt reply: after his calling her "missus," and making that reference to her weight (which was a tender topic with her), she was more disinclined than ever to permit this man to confer with her John alone.

"Very good, ma'am; then we'll risk it," said the stranger, cheerfully. "I only came to ask a question of your husband, who knows me well enough by name, no doubt."

"Well, yes, sir," said John: "I've heard Dick speak of you many times. You're his employer, ain't you?"

"I don't know that I'm quite that," laughed the captain. "He does little odd jobs for me on the Downs sometimes."

"Tout?" suggested Mrs. Rutherford, uncompromisingly.

"Why, yes, ma'am, he does occasionally act for me in that useful capacity. There's very little doing, however, on the Turf just now. We're looking for the spring as usual, to relieve us."

"Ah!" said the lady. It was but a monosyllable, but it spoke volumes. If it had been paraphrased, it would have run satirically, "And much good you will do with it when the spring comes, no doubt!"

She looked so very uncompromising that the captain abandoned his attempts at conciliation in that quarter, and addressed himself to her husband.

"You drive a cab, do you not, Mr. Rutherford?"

"I drive two cabs, sir," returned that gentleman, with some dignity: "a 'ansom and a four-wheeler."

"Not both at once," laughed the captain, "surely. However, I have heard they are very good ones—quite private vehicles, eh, or at all events let for private jobs?"

"I only goes on one private job," returned John, still a little stiffly, for he did not like jokes at the expense of his property, of which he was very proud.

"Well, I suppose you can go on another one, if it is made worth your while: you are accustomed to night work, as I understand?"

"I do do a little night work, but it's a special case."

"Yes, I know all about that," said the captain, carelessly, as he threw away the stump of his cigar and lit a fresh one; "you go to Moor Street. I have a slight acquaintance with Sir Charles myself; his Artemis is a pretty filly, Mr. Rutherford."

"You may say that, sir. I've not seen her myself, but they do tell me—" Here he was about to sink his voice into the proper pitch for discussing that "secret known to all" a good Turf "tip," when he was arrested by a change in his wife's demeanor: she had dropped her knitting, and was regarding the captain from behind with a look of intense alarm and suspicion.

The captain turned to see what had caused honest John's hesitation, but Mrs. Rutherford was knitting away again as if she had backed her needles against time, and was winning at the post.

"You need have no secrets from me, Mr. Rutherford, as to Artemis," said the visitor, smiling. "Though perhaps, on the other hand, I could tell you a thing or two worth hearing. However, we will talk of that another time. You were saying that the Moor Street business kept you up pretty late o' nights."

"I never said a word about it," said John, doggedly.

"Did you not? Oh, then it was Sir Charles himself who told me. It must be a rather unpleasant job in winter-time—though, indeed, her ladyship's coachman is a fellow-sufferer with you. Now to what time does she keep it up—I mean about what hour have you to call at her house, in general?"

Mrs. Rutherford's fingers were once more idle, but this time she held one of her needles high up in the air, like a finger put up for silence.

"The hour varies," answered John, puffing at his pipe.

"I can understand that," said the captain, "woman herself being variable. And you have a long way to come and go from Mr.—Mr. Helston's. Let us see—where was it Sir Charles told me he lives?"

Again the knitting-needle is held up, and this time with an air of unmistakable warning.

"Up Bayswater way," answered John, coolly.

"Well, the job I want you for will not be so far as that. You shall name your own terms for it, which I am sure will be reasonable. And in the mean time—to show I mean business—I will beg your acceptance of this little retaining fee." He held out half a sovereign between his finger and thumb.

John looked toward his wife, but perceiving no sign to the contrary, pocketed the coin readily enough, with a "Thank yer, captin."

"You've got a nice place here, Mrs. Rutherford," said the visitor, looking round and sniffing the air, which perhaps was really grateful to him, for the stable was, as it were, his native atmosphere. "The Mews is a safe playground for the children."

"That don't much matter to us," observed John, laughing, "for we ain't a got none."

"And a very good thing too," replied the captain, in no way abashed by his little mistake. "I have always shrunk from family cares myself. Well, well, you shall hear from me shortly, Mr. Rutherford. Good-evening, ma'am." Mrs. Rutherford rose and bobbed.

"Shrimps and water-cress," said the captain, patronizingly, as, followed by John, he passed through their little sitting-room, where the tea table was already spread. "That looks very appetizing. I dote on shrimps."

"Take one, sir, or half a dozen, for the matter of that," said John, hospitably.

"No, I thank you. I should have been delighted, only I have not yet dined. What nice stairs you've got—except that they're a little steep. Good-evening, John."

And the captain sauntered up the Mews, with a good deal of "side on," which became a positive swagger as he emerged into the more fashionable street.

"Well, what do you think of *that*, Sally?" inquired Mr. Rutherford, not a little curious to know his wife's opinion of their recent visitor and the cause of his condescension. "What do you say to our friend the captin?"

"I think, for one thing, he's a liar," replied that lady. He 'dotes on shrimps,' does he? and, 'what nice stairs you've got—only a trifle steep.' It would have been a good thing, in my opinion, if they'd 'a been a trifle steeper, and broke his neck."

"Well, he gave us a half a couter, at all events," pleaded John, in mitigation.

"We should ha' got that, anyway," was her logical rejoinder. "That man's after no good, John. Why did he want to know what time you went to Moor Street o' nights, and where Master Matthew lived?"

"Why, it was all about this private job of his, I reckon—whether I could do the same—"

"John, you're a fool," interrupted Mrs. Rutherford: "I don't like you any the less for that, but rather better: only you're too easily taken in. If I had not took root here with my knitting, it's my belief you would ha' told that fellow everything."

"But he knowed it all beforehand," urged Mr. Rutherford, sensible of weakness, and of putting forth a feeble plea.

"He did not. He only knowed a little, and wanted to know a little more. The question he came to put to you had nothing to do with your cab at all: he don't want your cab—not he."

"Then what on earth does he want, Sally?"

Mrs. Rutherford leaned forward, with her fat hands on her fat knees, and whispered, solemnly: "He wants what he knowed better than to say a word about, John: he never mentioned 'em from first to last: but what that 'ere fellow wants is Lady Pargiter's diamonds!"

If Mrs. Rutherford expected a eulogy upon her sagacity, or even an outbreak of astonishment at her ingenious discovery, she was doomed to be disappointed; perhaps her husband thought he had made admissions enough of her superiority of intelligence; or perhaps the subject of which she spoke had been too long familiarized to his own mind to permit of wonder at any allusion to it.

"Oh, he do, do he?" was, at all events, his philosophical reply. "There's a many more as wants 'em too; howsomenever, only one can get 'em, at best; and as for the rest, Want will be their master."

"At best? Why, what do you mean, John?"

"Well, at worst, then, if you like it better."

"Of course I like it better. Why, what *are* you thinking of?" cried the good lady, with genuine alarm.

"Thinking? How can a fool think?" (John little imagined how he was imitating Sir Charles Pargiter, Bart., in thus replying to his good lady: "men are so alike.") "But I knows what I knows;" with which mysterious observation he knocked out the ashes of his pipe against the gallery railing, and, regardless of his tea and shrimps, and his indignant Sally, went out of doors and into the street.

CHAPTER XII.

"HOW MUCH CAN I RAISE ON THEM?"

It has been said by some cynic that there is no one so rich but that he would be glad of a thousand pounds; and it is certainly true that there is no one who does not grudge having to pay that sum away. Indeed, the richer a man is the more he seems to feel parting with his wealth; and in the case of one very rich indeed—a man as we may say "made of money"—it is perhaps only natural that he should resent having any portion of himself thus abstracted. He feels it even when he discharges his own debts; how much more, then, when he has to discharge the debts of other people!

Only imagine, therefore, the condition of mind of Lady Pargiter upon discovering one fine morning—for the letter that informed her of it arrived when she was still in her dressing-room—that she had to pay not one thousand pounds, but twenty thousand, for her husband's gambling debts! It is true that she had suspected their existence. When she had married him he had frankly hinted that he was not wholly without encumbrances of this kind; but for such an amount as this he had by no means prepared her. He had solemnly promised that he would never run a horse, or bet on one, after he became her husband, and yet she had good reason to believe that a portion at least of this enormous liability had been incurred of late months; and next to the existence of the debt itself, this was the bitterest sting to her of all—that he had lied to her. Not that Lady Pargiter had any abstract admiration of truth, or horror of lying; that she herself should be the victim of his duplicity was what she resented. It was probable—she thought it would be the merest justice—that she was not liable for her husband's debts; her money had been so tied up to her that she was tolerably certain he could not get at it. But then if this debt was not paid, Sir Charles would be disgraced; and this can not happen to any husband without his wife sharing in the same condemnation. If he could have been sent to prison in private—to some such place as the Bastile, for instance, by *lettre de cachet*—she would have let him go without pity; but there could be no privacy in this matter. Indeed, though he so richly deserved it, he could not be sent to prison, nor even made a bankrupt, because these were debts of so-called honor; and though Lady Pargiter's views of "honor" were in this respect very similar to those of Falstaff, she knew that she could not ignore them.

Of the fact of his liabilities there could be no doubt, for the schedule of debts was from her husband's lawyer, and it was accompanied by a communication from himself. (Sir Charles was on his moor—*her* moor—in the Highlands, and she was still in her London home.) It was, on the whole, a manly letter, with considerable good feeling in it; but unfortunately it had no tender feeling. He confessed that his debts were larger than they ought to be, or than he himself had suspected. He expressed sorrow that he was compelled to come to her for pecuniary assistance, and for so much of it. But this was the first and the last time he would ask her help.

When she read that her thin lips grew very disdainful, for he seemed thereby to seek to imply that he had given up the Turf, instead of having broken his pledged word concerning it. Her astuteness, however, here overreached itself. Sir Charles had *not* broken his word, in spite of the belief of "honest John," and some other wiseacres to the contrary, whose wish, perhaps (for Sir Charles was himself a Turf favorite), had been father to the scandal. The baronet owned neither Artemis nor any other horse, nor did he now bet on horse-races; though he had solaced himself for those acts of self-denial by "putting the pot on" at cards, and all other "events" concerning which wagers were possible. It may, doubtless, be said that he had thus lied in the spirit if not in the letter; but that was not Sir Charles's view: and considering the number of persons who do not even make that exception, perhaps he was still above the average in morals.

He was, at all events, no adept in duplicity, or his letter would have been far otherwise worded; for if it had been possible to simulate affection, here was surely not only the opportunity, but the necessity for it. When one has to write to one's wife, "Be so good as to pay £20,000 for me," it is judicious to address her as "Dearest Julia" at the very least; whereas he had begun his note, "My dear Lady Pargiter," and ended it not much more warmly.

Her ladyship had a tiring-maid by name Patty Selwood (ordinarily addressed as "Selwood," like a peer), who was present on the occasion of her receiving this bad news. She was a tall, handsome girl, of the French type, with high cheek-bones, fresh color (indeed, it was "fresh twice a day," like the strawberries), and an eye to the main chance and the weaknesses of her mistress. For the most part she had rather a hard time of it; indeed, her lot would have been well-nigh intolerable, had she not thoroughly understood the theory (and practice) of compensation; for when her mistress was in a temper, "my lady's lady's-maid," as Patty delighted to call herself, got the full benefit of it; and of all the "bad quarters of an hour" she experienced, those which were occupied in attiring Lady Pargiter in the morning were the worst.

Her ladyship was never good-looking, but her resemblance to the equine race was more marked than ever, before (if I may be allowed the expression) she was groomed; and, strange to say, she was aware of this: that is to say, she knew that she was less attractive before noon than afterward, and resenting the fact, she visited this offense of nature upon her maid.

On the present occasion, however, matters were far otherwise. The misfortune that had befallen her was too tremendous for any feelings of mere irritation. Like the poet, she was for the present dowered with "the scorn of scorns, the hate of hates," and all little outbreaks of "temper" were quenched and overwhelmed by it. Moreover, sad to say, though Lady Pargiter had two or three bushels of visiting-cards on her malachite tray below-stairs, she had not a friend in the world; and in the rare cases, such as this, when the necessity of sharing a sorrow or reposing a confidence in one arose, she was accustomed, *faute de mieux*, to confide in her waiting-maid.

If, dear reader, you conceive this to be unnatural in a person of Lady Pargiter's rank and importance, it only shows that you know very little of such fashionable folks, and (I fear) must needs belong to what we used to call at Eton "the lower middle." There are many ladies whose time is so engrossed in important matters—such as you read of in the *Morning Post*, that they have no leisure, even if they had the opportunity, for making friendships with their own sex; whereas, while they are being dressed and undressed, they have plenty of it.

There was an unmistakable sign by which Patty Selwood understood that morning that her mistress was in the confidential mood. She addressed her as "Patty," instead of "Selwood."

"Patty," she said, as that young woman was combing out her scanty locks with a view to selecting a spot upon her head on which to affix a very fine collection of them from other sources, "I am a very miserable woman."

"Indeed, my lady, you should not be," said Patty, re-assuringly.

"Of course I should not be; but there is no justice, nor truth, nor honor in the world," replied she, vehemently—"that is, in man."

"Very true, my lady," sighed the waiting-maid. She had intended to be sympathetic, and to imply that she too had proved the falsehood and injustice of the other sex; but herein she made a mistake; she did not reflect that heiresses with ever so many thousands a year have sorrows compared with which those of the lower classes are mere flea-bites.

"Tush! how should *you* know?" returned her mistress, with irritation. "*You* were never ruined."

"Well, no, my lady; not as I knows on," she added, prudently. "I never were."

"Well, this letter here means ruin—or something like it. What would *you* say if some one wrote to you to say that you had twenty thousand pounds to pay for somebody else's debts?"

"Lack-a-mercy, my lady! Twenty thousand pounds!" The idea of having to pay it she put aside as too great an effort of fancy; the mention of the sum itself was overwhelming.

"Yes; that's what I am asked to pay: and for what do you suppose, Patty?"

The reply expected of course was "gambling debts"; but as these were matters altogether out of Patty's experience, she naturally suggested the most expensive thing with which she was acquainted: she had once given five-and-twenty shillings herself for a bracelet of Brighton diamonds. "Well, for jewels, I suppose, my lady. Your diamond necklace cost as much or more, you once told me."

"No, not for jewels, Patty." Here she stopped a little. She had had it in her mind to tell the whole story of her wrongs to her waiting-maid, but the mention of her diamonds turned her thoughts at once into that direction. If it should be absolutely necessary to pay this enormous sum, the parure was perhaps what she could best afford to part with; it was dear to her, indeed, as the apple of her eye, but her money was still dearer. She knew absolutely nothing of business matters, and therefore it was, perhaps, that stock and scrip and share (that is, her own possessions in them) had such an inestimable value for her. She set such a "fancy price" upon her numerous investments, that to sell out any one of them to defray a gambling debt seemed a positive act of sacrilege. "Yes, my diamonds cost more than that," she continued, musing. "The probate duty on them was as for twenty-five thousand pounds."

"Deary me! what, for coming into the country!" ejaculated Patty. She had confused "probate" with "export," and imagined that the customs in Golconda had exacted that considerable sum for permitting the diamonds to leave their native soil. Her mistress, however, was too deep in thought to notice this misapprehension of Patty's. "Yes," she resumed, half to herself, "the probate duty ought to fix the value; and yet I have always understood that papa could never sell them at the price he gave for them." (If she not only understood this, but believed it, it was a very touching proof of the simplicity of her ladyship's nature.) "I doubt whether even twenty thousand pounds could be got for them."

"But I thought I heard you say, my lady," said Patty, "that if Messrs. Star & Signet were to lose the jewels, or if they were stolen while under their care, they would have to pay you twenty-five thousand pounds."

"That is true," asserted her ladyship. "It would be a good thing if they *were* lost or stolen, so far."

"Well, they are pretty sure to be stole, your ladyship, one day or another," observed Patty, comfortingly.

"Sure to be stolen!" cried Lady Pargiter, aghast at the curtness of the other's tone; "who says they are?"

"Oh, well, my lady, everybody. Of course there's a deal of care taken against it; but the odds is—" and there she stopped, not for want of words (which never failed her), but because she saw that her mistress was not favoring her with her attention.

"To think," sighed Lady Pargiter, after a long pause, "that things should come to such a pass that I should feel it an advantage to have my diamonds stolen!"

"What a thing it would be if one could keep the jewels and get the money too!" observed Patty, vaguely.

"Eh, what!" cried her ladyship, struck for one

moment with this delightful prospect, but the next perceiving its futility. "How can you talk such rubbish? Can one have one's cake and eat it too, you stupid girl?"

"I only said, 'what a thing it would be,' my lady," exclaimed Patty, apologetically.

"The girl is an idiot," remarked Lady Pargiter, addressing herself aloud in the looking-glass. "That will do, Selwood; you may leave the room."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

OUR double-page illustration adds another to the popular series of engravings which we have published from time to time, showing the great cathedrals of England. This imposing edifice, "Peterborough the Proud," was built upon the site of the ancient monastery founded at Medeshampstead by SAXULPH, a Mercian thane of great riches, who was assisted and protected by PEADA, eldest son of PENDA, King of the Mercians. In 870 the Danes destroyed the priestly house, attacking it with engines, while they covered the assault with flights of arrows. The stout walls could not protect their inmates, the whole community were put to the sword, and a fire which lasted during fifteen days consumed the building.

ETHELWOLD, the "skillful architect of God," with the help of King EDGAR, rebuilt the fallen house of Medeshampstead, and the new structure was called Burgh. The splendid benefactions of Earl LEOFRIC procured for it the additional title of the Gildenburgh, or Golden City. EGELIC, the Bishop of Durham, who had retired within its calm precincts, foretold evil days for it, and they came to pass on the vigil of St. OSWALD, 1116, when the impious wish of JOHN DE SEEZ, that the evil spirit might burn the church, was fulfilled. For nine days after the destruction the fires smouldered in the tower. When the new building was in progress the monk CANDIDUS saw with wondering eyes the huge blocks of stone in the old foundations laid by SAXULPH, which would require eight men to drag into position. The old nave at the end of the crypt was seen centuries after, but it has long been covered over.

To JOHN of Salisbury, the reigning abbot, belongs the honor of having laid, in 1118, the foundation of the present building. As it rose above its site, the country folk gazed at it in wonder and admiration, and as the name had been changed in honor of the saint to whom it was dedicated, they grew to call it Peterburgh, or Peterborough the Proud, so full of grandeur was it in comparison with the older structure. As it stands, it still remains a noble specimen of Norman architecture, though cold and rigid and bare within, with nearly all its furniture modern. The "majestic front of columel-work," the glorious and unrivalled three-gabled screen, with its tall arches eighty-one feet high, constitutes its characteristic feature. The Lady-chapel and the cloisters have disappeared, but the long nave, the noble transept, and apsidal presbytery, with the eastern transept, show a design of uncommon magnificence, distinguished by vast proportions, solemn grandeur, and dignified simplicity.

The plan of Peterborough corresponds with that of most other cathedrals, consisting of a nave with side aisles, a transept, a choir terminating in a semicircle at the east end, and surrounded by a continuation of the side aisles of the nave, the whole terminating at the east with what is called the New Work. This was erected by RICHARD ASHTON in the middle of the fifteenth century, and probably completed by Abbot KIRTON about 1518. It forms the last addition made to the cathedral before the dissolution of the monastery by HENRY VIII. This transept or chapel is supposed to have been designed by Sir REGINALD BRAY, who was here in the time of Abbot KIRTON, and was allowed by the monastery "a due proportion of diet for a number of dishes." The central tower of Peterborough was originally built by Abbot DE WATERVILLE, and formed a lantern of four stages. It subsequently proved, however, too heavy for the central piers to support, and in order to prevent its fall—a catastrophe that had actually occurred at Ely and Winchester—it was reduced some three stories. This has had an unfortunate effect upon the proportions of the building.

From its position, Peterborough, like St. Albans, was often made a resting-place by the kings of England on their way to or from the North. EDWARD III., with his Queen and court, kept the Easter festival here in 1327, on which occasion the abbot, ADAM DE BOTHEBY, expended nearly £500. Cardinal WOLSEY kept the same feast here in 1528; but although the abbey expended enormous sums in entertaining its royal and noble visitors, the local rhyme characterizing the great cathedrals of the fens indicates that it was scarcely so liberal to those of lower degree:

"Ramsay the bounteous of gold and fee,
Crowland as courteous as courteous may be,
Spalding the rich, and Peterborough the proud—
Sawtrey, by the way, that poor Abbaye,
Gave more alms in one day
Than all they."

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by HENRY VIII., JOHN CHAMBER was abbot of Peterborough. This prelate, who, in the words of GUNTON, the historian of Peterborough, "loved to sleep in a whole skin, and desired to die in his nest," resigned the abbey to the King on the 1st of March, 1540. He was then granted an annual pension of £260; but in the following year letters patent were issued for converting the monastic church into the cathedral of a new diocese, which was to extend over the counties of Northampton and Rutland, hitherto comprised in the great diocese of Lincoln. The church is said to have been spared as a monument to CATHERINE of Aragon, first wife of HENRY VIII., who to the time of her death remained a stanch Catholic. HENRY, it is asserted, replied to the suggestion, "How well it would become his greatness to erect a fair monument for her," "Yes, I will leave her one of the goodliest in the kingdom," meaning the church of Peterborough. The body of the unfortunate Queen lies interred here between two pillars on the north side of the choir, near the altar. There is no grave in England that can fairly be called more interesting than this one, though few of the crowd of visitors that daily trample upon it, and are fast obliterating the simple words, "Queen CATHERINE, A.D. 1536," appear to realize the fact. An English writer speaks of it as "the humble grave of one to whose existence, though it may be but incidentally, this nation owes the greatest change that was ever brought about in it, and upon the accident of whose burial here depended the preservation of this fine abbey church, and its conversion into a cathedral." It would be curious to know how many of those who tread upon this stone recall the dying words of SHAKSPEARE's Queen Katharine:

"When I am dead....
Let me be us'd with honor: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me."

Many banners, with heraldic devices and royal achievements, hung above this tomb; and a lofty hearse, covered with a black velvet pall, marked with a cross of silver tissue, and enriched on the sides with the arms and badges of Aragon, remained upon it until the destruction wrought by CROMWELL's soldiers. Queen CATHERINE, the closing scenes of whose life it is impossible to imagine otherwise than as SHAKSPEARE painted them, died at Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, and was interred in this aisle with much of the state befitting "a queen, and daughter to a king."

Peterborough Cathedral once contained the body of another most illustrious Queen. Near the south door of the choir a plain black marble slab marks the tomb in which the remains of MARY Queen of Scots rested until their removal to Westminster. The execution of the Queen took place on February 8, 1587, but it was not until Sunday, July 30, that her body was brought to Fotheringay for interment. It was conveyed by torch-light in a "chariot" covered with black cloth, and was met at the entrance of the cathedral by Bishop HOWLAND. A solemn procession conducted the body, and at two o'clock on Monday morning it was committed to the vault prepared for it on the south side of the choir, close to the bishop's throne. The sepulchre was closed without the performance of any religious service. A rich hearse was erected near the grave, and the choir and church were hung with black. The celebration of the funeral service took place, however, on Tuesday afternoon, and was attended by thousands of spectators, and many of the nobility, the heralds, and other officers of the crown. Those of the kingdom of Scotland who had thus far beheld the fate of their Queen, stopped at the door, and bade adieu to her remains for the last time. They indignantly refused either to enter the church or be present at the last ceremonies.

On this occasion the service was read by Dean FLETCHER, and a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lincoln, who, steering between a fear of Protestantism on one hand, and a respect due to popery on the other, treated only of the miseries incident to this vale of mortality, and in reference to the subject before him spoke cautiously as follows: "Let us give thanks for the dissolution of the high and mighty Princess MARY, late Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France, of whose life and death at this time I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other; I will not enter into judgment further, but because it hath been signified to me that she trusted to be saved by the blood of Christ, we must hope well of her salvation; For, as Father LUTHER was wont to say, many a one that liveth a papist dieth a protestant." The body of the Queen rested a quarter of a century in this grave. Twenty-five years after the interment, King JAMES, in filial performance of a duty toward his mother, wrote to the authorities at Peterborough demanding the transference of her body to Westminster, which was accordingly done on the 11th of October, 1612. The epitaph suspended on the wall over the vault was afterward taken down and cast out of the church.

Passing from the tombs of these two illustrious Queens, there is a curious interest attaching to a portrait which hangs on the north side of the great west door. It is that of "Old SCARLETT," who interred both CATHERINE and MARY, and who died in 1594, aged ninety-eight. The arms above the portrait are those of the see of Peterborough. There is a poetical inscription, which runs as follows:

"You see old Scarllit's picture stand on hie,
But at your feet here doth his body lye.
His gravestone doth his age and Death time show,
His office by thes tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdye limm,
A Scarebabe mighty voice with visage grim.
Hee had intered two Queenes within this place
And this townes Householders in his live's space
Twice over: But at length his own time came;
What hee for others did for him the same
Was done: No doubt his soule doth live for aye
In heaven: Tho here his body clad in clay."

The portrait itself is curious as an example of costume, but is scarcely a fitting ornament for the nave of a cathedral.

Under one of the arches at the back of the apse, or eastern end of the choir, is a small monument of considerable interest. This was long supposed to be the stone erected by GODRIC, the abbot of Crowland, over the monks of Medeshampstead, whom with their abbot HEDDA the Danes slaughtered in 870. They had already destroyed Crowland, and were assaulting Medeshampstead, when the brother of the Danish jarl, HUBBA, was killed by a stone thrown from the walls. In revenge, after an entrance had been forced, the jarl with his own hand slew the abbot and all the surviving monks. The abbey, as already told, was plundered and burned. After the Danes had left the country, a few of the Crowland monks returned to their ruined monastery, and chose GODRIC for their abbot. Having arranged his own community as far as possible, he visited Medeshampstead, where he collected the mangled bodies of the monks—eighty-four in number, says INGULPHUS—and interred them in one large grave, over which he reared "a pyramidal stone, three feet high, three feet long, and one foot broad, on which were cut the images of the deceased abbot and his monks." Every remaining year of his life, it is said, GODRIC paid a visit to this stone, and pitched a tent over it, in which he said masses during two days for the repose of those buried beneath.

In 1643 OLIVER CROMWELL visited Peterborough on his way to besiege Crowland, and it is probable that no English cathedral was more completely "set to rights," or underwent more wanton destruction at the hands of these Parlimentary troopers. In spite of special orders to "do no injury to the church," they broke open its doors, and proceeded to shatter the windows, to pull down the fittings of the choir, to destroy the monuments, including those of the two Queens, and to break in pieces the superb reredos of carved stone, painted, gilt, and inlaid with plates of silver. The narrative in the *Mercurias Rusticus* asserts that "one of the soldiers, having charged his musket to shatter down the four evangelists in the roof above the communion-table, by the rebound of his own shot was struck blind." The cloisters were then pulled completely down, and all the charters and evidences belonging to the cathedral were burned or destroyed. The soldiers appropriated such rich church vestments as they could find, and until their departure the nave was made a parade-ground in which the troopers daily exercised their horses. The rich windows of stained glass, the want of which is so apparent in the cathedral now, are said to have been of the most beautiful color and design. This same havoc accounts for the present condition of the choir. All the ancient furniture has disappeared. The present heavy organ screen of white stone was executed under Dean MONK before 1830, and the stalls and wood-work are of the same date.

The little city of Peterborough, where this imposing cathedral is situated, is by no means an attractive or interesting place. It is one of those English towns which have grown up around great monastic establishments, and do not, like Lincoln, York, or Exeter, occupy the sites of British and Roman stations. Its chief importance grows out of the fact that it is a general railway centre and junction. Here the Great Northern and the Midland lines have extensive works, sheds, and warehouses, which make up what may be called "railway villages." These works afford the principal employment of the inhabitants. Forty years ago Peterborough had a population of about seven thousand. This has been increased by the great railroad interests, until at present there are between fifteen and twenty thousand residents.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE London *Lancet* makes this sage remark: "The man who resolves not to take cold seldom does." The *Lancet's* theory is that "taking cold" is the result of a sufficient impression of cold to reduce the vital energy of nerve centres presiding over the functions of certain organs; that sneezing and shivering are efforts of nature to rouse the dormant centres, and enable them to resume work, and avoid evil consequences; and that there is no more potent influence by which to restore the vital energy than a strong and sustained effort of the will. No doubt there is much truth in this theory; and there is no month in all the twelve in which there is more need of putting any and every theory into practice which lessens the chances of cold-taking than March. Those who fortunately ward off sore throat, cough, and catarrh all the rest of the year, often succumb during this month, which has usually fully sustained its reputation of being disagreeable and unwholesome. So that if all we need to do is to "resolve not to take cold," we had better make the resolution instantly, and keep it in mind so constantly that it will have its legitimate influence upon our every-day life. Moreover, whoever feels a cold "coming on" should in the very beginning fight against its approach with vigorous determination, for if once the enemy gains a foot-hold, it is not easily dislodged.

On February 22 the steam-ship *Hindoo* was abandoned at sea, and the crew and passengers brought to this port by the *Alexandria*. The *Hindoo* carried a miscellaneous cargo, among which were 210 cattle, 16,485 bushels of wheat, 167,300 pounds of bacon, 900 cases of dry-goods, and sixty-nine bales of leather. The loss of the *Hindoo* was owing to her being loaded with grain in bulk. During a storm the vessel was thrown on her beam ends by the shifting of the grain, and the most strenuous efforts of the crew, and the throwing overboard of cattle and grain, were all in vain—she settled steadily into the water, until the exhausted crew were taken off.

In England there has lately been much Parliamentary discussion over a plan suggested by Mr. Plimsoll for regulating the loading of grain ships, and preventing just such disasters as that which befell the *Hindoo*. His plan is that all grain should be shipped in bags. Of course there are many objections to this—the expense of the bags, and the additional time and money spent in thus loading and unloading. Other suggestions have been made, one of the most feasible being the separating the grain into compartments, by strong diagonal partitions, so arranged as not to interfere with rapid loading, and yet so that the displacement of the cargo is impossible.

About the middle of last January a party of thirty-five children left this city for Springville, Iowa, under the protection of the Children's Aid Society. They found homes readily among farmers and others in the vicinity of Springville. Another party of twenty-four started February 10 for Ottawa, Kansas. On arriving at their destination it was found that there were eighty-eight applicants for children, so that many were disappointed, and those in charge were able to select homes for the children with great care. It appears that the one hundred boys who were sent to Ottawa early in January had made so good an impression that there was a demand for more. It will be remembered by our readers that the children thus sent to Western homes are those who are rescued from the streets of New York, or who are found without home and friends.

On the last day of winter, 1880, the work of piercing Mount St. Gothard was successfully completed, amid great rejoicing. This tunnel, which is nine and a quarter miles long, has been constructed at the expense of Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, and will greatly facilitate railroad communication between those countries. The contract for constructing this tunnel was awarded to M. Favre, of Geneva, in 1872, and its cost has been about nine million dollars.

Very recent investigations into the condition of the famine-stricken districts of Ireland reveal a terrible amount of suffering. The reports sent by parish priests to the committee of the National Land League Relief Fund speak of their personal knowledge of extreme destitution on every side. The universal appeal of these parish priests is for something to give the hundreds who daily, and often in vain, ask for food. The generous contributions made for Ireland will all be needed for the relief of the starving. One or two extracts from the reports to which we have referred will serve as a specimen of the large number received:

The Rev. Mark Cooke, the parish priest of Keash, writes, February 12:

"We have 300 families on our books for relief. More require it. But, for want of funds, we could not give them any. Even to the 300 on our books we can give only a little. On behalf of these 300 families, or 1200 souls, we ask you to stretch forth to us a helping hand."

The Rev. John Smith, parish priest, writes from Ballinaglera, February 13:

"Great distress prevails at present in the parish for want of food, fuel, etc. The relief afforded is not able to cope with the extreme want which prevails; 300 families are actually in want, besieging the committee-rooms, clamoring for bread. I beg for aid to ward off famine and starvation from many a homestead."

The Rev. Michael O'Donnell, parish priest of Foxford, sends a plaintive appeal, February 15:

"I solemnly declare that unless we get relief for the people at once in this poor, almost starved-out district, in a short time we will have to send coffinless corpses to the grave, or we will have to resort to the custom (still in painful memory) of using empty herring barrels for coffins. God forbid I should exaggerate!"

Thomas F. Joyce, of Lenane, writes, February 17:

"There are 1500 persons on our relief list, and now we have not a penny, and the people have not a bit to eat."

During the recent investigation of the Tay Bridge disaster before the Board of Trade, at Dundee, Scotland, several painters who were employed on the bridge last summer testified that they saw numerous bolt holes empty; that they found bolts in holes where there should have been rivets, and found rivets without heads, and bars loosened, and nuts unscrewed; that one of the supporting columns of the high girders, which was cracked from top to bottom, was held together with four hoop bands; that sometimes the oscillation of the bridge was so great they feared it would fall. The evidence created considerable sensation, but its value was to be estimated by comparison with the testimony of the railway inspectors.

Sailors have some good friends in Brooklyn. A coffee-house for their especial benefit is about to be opened near the Brooklyn Navy-yard, under the management of Commodore Nicholson and several Brooklyn gentlemen. The plan is to give good coffee in place of liquor, to have billiard and reading rooms in connection with the restaurant, and to arrange for the safe-keeping of money belonging to sailors.

The attempt to sail from Boston to Australia in the *Golden Gate*, a little craft of a ton and a half burden, resulted well-nigh fatally to all on board—*all* meaning only two, for that was the full number the tiny vessel was designed to hold. Captain Burrill, the builder and owner of the *Golden Gate*, sailed from Boston last July, with one seaman, bound for Melbourne; but they encountered severe storms, the store of provisions was spoiled by the water, and the two adventurers were in a famishing condition, when they dropped anchor at a little settlement not far from Bahia, on the coast of Brazil. They were so exhausted as to be scarcely able to speak, but their emaciated faces told the story, and they were taken ashore, and supplied with food and shelter. They were afterward brought to this city in the *City of Pará*.

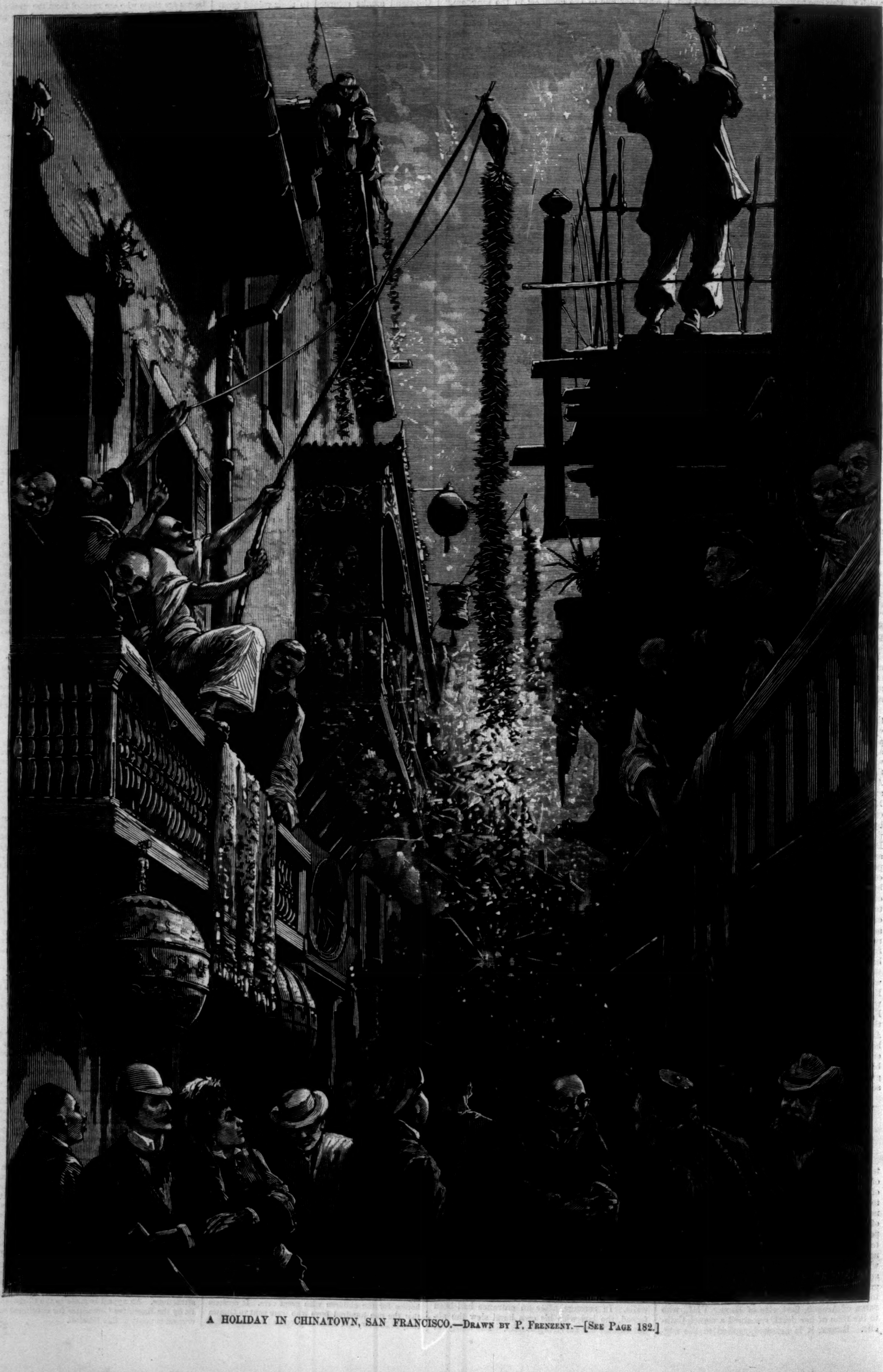
In consequence of the arrival of six overdue mail steamers on February 29, the greatest number of letters ever received at the New York Post-office in one day came in on that date. On the following day the mail-carriers on their first delivery took out 300,000 letters, besides 40,000 circulars and 200 bags of newspapers.

Yakutsk, on the river Lena, Eastern Siberia, is believed to be the coldest town in the world. It is said the ground is frozen to a depth of six hundred feet. Nevertheless a population of about five thousand contrive to live there.

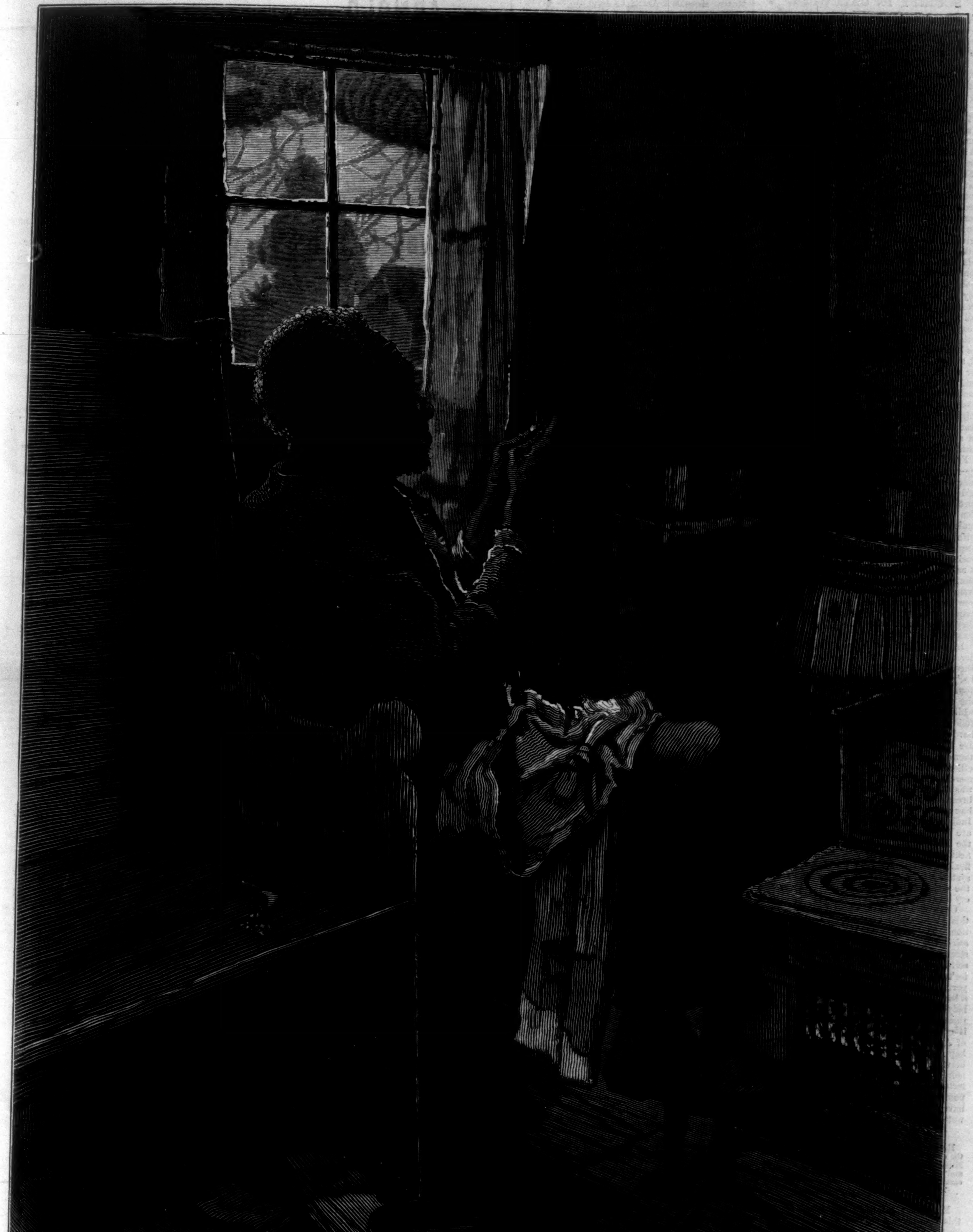
One of the attractions at the opening of the new building of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the Central Park, will be a fine loan collection of paintings, porcelains, etc., which will remain open through the spring and summer. The Museum will be opened to the public the last of March.

The public schools of Cincinnati celebrated the birthday of the poet Longfellow, on February 27, by some very pleasing exercises. The occasion was not only of interest to the thousands of scholars who participated in the exercises, but to crowds of ladies and gentlemen who thronged the city school-houses.

For fifty-three years the New York City Mission and Tract Society has been in active operation, endeavoring to establish centres of religious knowledge and influence in the crowded, neglected, and vicious sections of the city. It employs forty missionaries, has five mission chapels, and holds about a hundred meetings weekly. Its work also embraces the organization of temperance meetings, working-men's clubs, helping-hand associations, sewing schools, young people's associations, etc. Through the instrumentality of this charity the poor are aided, the erring are guided toward reform, the sick are relieved, and not only religious instruction but social entertainment furnished to some extent to those whose homes are destitute of all attractions. An appeal is made to the Christian public by the Executive Committee for continued and increased support of this Mission.



A HOLIDAY IN CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 182.]



A TRIAL OF PATIENCE.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.

SOCIETY IN CALCUTTA.

POSSIBLY there is no more hospitable city in the world. Not only is the new-comer entitled, but is expected, to call upon the older residents. The visiting hours are between twelve and two, the hottest and most inconvenient portion of the day, because in the East it is an article of faith that there can be no attention that does not entail the maximum of personal discomfort. During these hours you take your buggy, a hooded sort of cabriolet, and drive, say, to one of the palaces of Chowringhee. If the gate of the compound be closed—"Durwaza bund"—the lady is not at home; if open—"Durwaza kholo"—she is receiving visitors.

Suppose the latter, you enter the compound, a beautiful garden, verdant with tropical plants, containing a square tank with turfy slopes, the porch a hanging garden of orchids. The porter (durwan) at the outer gate has announced your approach by a stroke upon his gong, and on your arrival at the front door a hurkura, or messenger, is there awaiting you. "Mem Sab hai?" you say—Is the lady in? "Hai Sab"—Yes, sir, she is. Your cards are taken up on a salver, and the answer comes back, "Mem Sab salaam dia"—The lady of the house sends you her compliments. Crossing the black and white checkered marble hall floor, you ascend the stairs. In the centre of a capacious drawing-room, dim and cool, the Venetians carefully closed to exclude the light, and the heat light brings, Mem Sab is faintly discerned, seated like a queen receiving the homage of her subjects. To her you make approach and render obeisance. Most probably there is a Sab there already, but very soon after your arrival he takes his departure, while you remain, and indulge in a few commonplaces about the unusual heat or exceptional coolness of the weather, or on some other equally unexciting topic of Calcutta conversation.

Fresh cards are carried in, and as their owner appears, you shake hands, and, bowing, make your exit. If you have made yourself *bien vu*, and the requirements are not exacting, you are sure, within the next few days, to get an invitation to that not least sacred and solemn of Anglo-Indian institutions—a Burrah Khana. If not, with a bow or two afterward on the course, the acquaintance drops, and no harm is done. Supposing yourself honored, you don yourself, though it may be hotter than the dog-days, with the thermometer at 90° under the punkah, in broadcloth from top to toe. In old times they made their bow in black coats, and then the lady of the house considerately suggested to her guests that they might retire and exchange them for white jackets.

In arranging the order of going down to dinder there is much stickling on points of precedence, so much that you would fain exclaim, with Lady Macbeth, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." To your surprise, the adolescent wallah takes down the last lady, while leading barristers and opulent merchants follow unmated at their heels. But so it is: a hard-and-fast line divides Calcutta society. There are the official, or "Simla people," as they call themselves, who talk of "one of us;" and, on the other side, the "Calcutta people," professional and mercantile, who are "not of us"—"interlopers" was the good old-fashioned word. With the first breath of the south wind the former decamp, bag and baggage, at government expense, to the Indian Olympus, from whose serene heights they are wont to look down with divine disdain upon the humble toilers in the steaming plains beneath. Thus has developed a system of caste inflexible and illiberal as its native archetype, a system which has for its ineffable "twice born" the civilian, that Anglo-Brahmin, and counts every other as a social pariah.

Upon one occasion, while I was in Calcutta, this phenomenon received an amusing illustration. The story went round that at a ball or *soirée* the wife of a civilian had gravely remonstrated with the Chief Justice for his want of self-respect in being seen talking with a barrister's wife in public. The Chief Justice was reported to have mildly deprecated that he was only a barrister himself. Perhaps when that amiable lady—no doubt the wife of the son of an ambitious *épicier*—goes home, she will learn wisdom, if not charity. "Home" is a great taker-down of Anglo-Indian official pretension—England, so happily constituted that it can not distinguish between a Collector and a debt collector. As a merchant once said to me in Calcutta, "The Collector of so-and-so invariably treats me with great pomposity out here; but I never mind, I always have my revenge out of him when we meet on a wet day in the Brompton omnibus."

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate is prepared according to the directions of Prof. E. N. HORSFORD, of Cambridge, Mass., the well-known authority on nutritious bread and the cereals. Useful in Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases, Mental and Physical exhaustion, etc.—[*Com.*]

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DELPHOS, OHIO, *Feb.* 8, 1880.

Messrs. MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y. City:

Gentlemen,—My wife has been afflicted with disease of the kidneys, bladder, and other difficulties; could hardly get about the house; has doctored with all the physicians in our town, and they did not give her any relief. I saw your advertisement of "Constitution Water," and got one bottle of our druggist, J. H. Wahenhoff, and it almost cured her. I got the second bottle, and she has taken half of it; is now able to do her house-work. I thank you for your valuable medicine; we keep recommending it to all our acquaintance. Yours truly,

GEORGE M. PATTEN.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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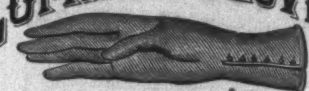

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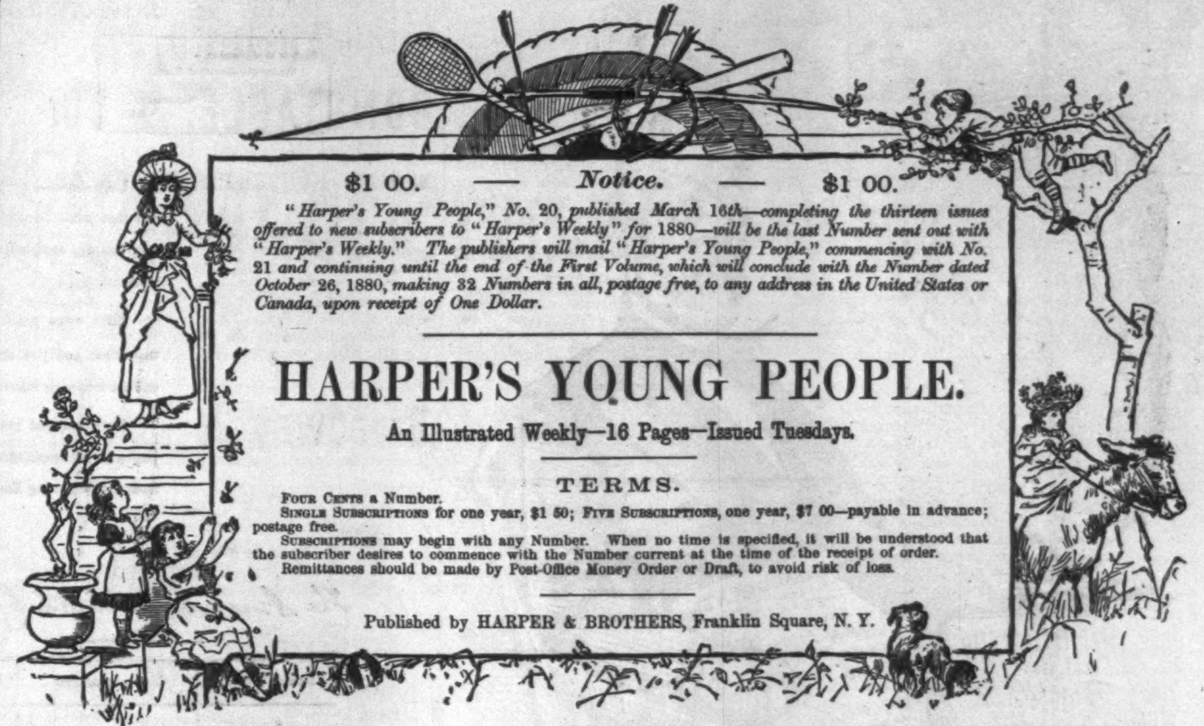

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